

The Ellsworth American.

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ELLSWORTH, MAINE, WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 18, 1903.

ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER
AT THE ELLSWORTH POSTOFFICE.

No. 46.

Advertisements.

THE OLD RELIABLE

Hancock County Savings Bank,

ORGANIZED MARCH 17, 1873,

has paid regular semi-annual dividends amounting to \$201,811.01
Surplus above all liabilities 33,305.70
Loans only on unquestionable security (not names alone).

N. B. COOLIDGE, President, JOHN F. WHITCOMB, vice-president,
C. C. BURRILL, treasurer, F. C. BURRILL, assistant treasurer.

C. W. & F. L. MASON,

FIRST NAT'L BANK BLDG.,
ELLSWORTH, ME.

The GEO. H. GRANT CO.,
General Insurance and Real Estate.
ELLSWORTH and BAR HARBOR, ME.
LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE. We close Saturdays at 1 o'clock

O. W. TAPLEY, INSURANCE

of all kinds. We represent such companies as the following: "Etna," "Hartford," "National," "Western," "Commercial Union," "New York Underwriters," "Hamburg-Bremen," "Norwich," "Manchester," "Mercantile," and "Williamsburg City." They are the largest companies and write at the lowest rates. Give us a call.

BANK BUILDING, ELLSWORTH.

NATIVE TURKEYS

and all the fixin's for a good big dinner. You know what you want

FOR THANKSGIVING

and you know what you will get if you order of us. Everything will be all O. K.

WHITING BROS.

THE HAT QUESTION

is a serious question with the ladies. If you will call at Moore's store you will find a fine assortment of hats, in all styles and prices. The

Millinery

is the best ever shown in this

store. Do not forget we carry

a good stock of Coats and Furs, and everything in the Dry Goods line.

A. E. MOORE.

Teeth!

All my work guaranteed in writing for ten years. FREE—Painless extracting when others are needed. I use nothing but the BEST of material in all my work, which is completed as quickly as possible. GOLD CROWNS, 22-karat, each \$5. BRIDGE WORK according to number of teeth, each \$5. RICHMOND CROWNS, half porcelain and half gold, \$8. LOGAN CROWNS, all porcelain, \$4. GOLD FILLINGS, \$1.25 up.

ELLSWORTH DENTAL PARLORS,

Dr. F. O. BROWNE, Mgr. First National Bank Bldg., Ellsworth.

BARGAINS IN HOLIDAY GOODS

Our Holiday Goods are about on our counters now and such an assortment one seldom sees. Anybody and everybody is sure to get satisfaction.

A LARGE PARLOR LAMP for \$1.25

We have small hand lamps for 25c and up. In French China we have everything; in Glassware, Vases, Water and Toilet Sets our line can't be beat. In buying for the holidays we have not neglected our 10c counter. On this may be found many novelties that will please both old and young.

China & Japan Tea Co. M. M. & E. E. Davis, Mgrs.
ELLSWORTH.

AN EXPERT DRUGGIST'S OPINION.

Mr. Milton C. Brigham, a prominent druggist of Natick, Mass., states after having used U-r-cene the new Rheumatic cure: "Without exaggeration I consider U-r-cene far superior to any Rheumatic Remedy, imported or domestic, for neutralizing Uric Acid. I am using it constantly and am receiving much benefit."

We guarantee to refund your money if a fair trial of U-r-cene Tablets fails to relieve any case of Rheumatism.—PARCHER'S DRUG STORE, Ellsworth, Me.

LOCAL AFFAIRS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS THIS WEEK

Wanted—Furnished house.
C. I. Staples—Coal stove for sale.
R. F. Joy—Photographer.
Rockland, Bluehill & Ellsworth Steamboat Co.—Change in schedule.
China & Japan Tea Co.—Tea, coffee and spice.
Hancock hall—Alfred A. Farland—Banjo virtuoso.
Wiggin & Moore—Apothecaries.
Whiting Bros.—Carpets, curtains, dress goods, groceries, etc.
A. W. Greeley—Simmons watch chain.

EXEM:
John Sumlinby—Sheriff's sale.
LYNN, MASS.:
Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co.
NEW YORK:
Central Trust Co. v. W. C. R. R.
SAN JOSE, CAL.:
Agent wanted.

SCHEDULE OF MAILS AT ELLSWORTH POST-OFFICE. In effect October 12, 1903.

GOING EAST—7.15 a.m. and 6.15 p.m.
GOING WEST—11.55 a.m., 5.36 and 9.45 p.m.
MAIL CLOSURES AT POST-OFFICE.
GOING EAST—6.30 a.m. and 5.30 p.m.
GOING WEST—11.30 a.m. and 5 and 9 p.m.
No Sunday trains.

THE AMERICAN is on sale in Ellsworth at the news stands of C. H. Leland, J. A. Thompson and H. W. Estey. Single copies, 5 cents; subscription price, \$1.50 per year in advance.

L. F. Giles is in Boston on business.
Rev. J. P. Simonton preached at Hancock Sunday.

Charles I. Staples was in Bar Harbor yesterday on business.

Mrs. P. S. Dorsey, of Machias, is the guest of Miss Eva Aiken.

The "Gamecock", Capt. W. L. Pratt, arrived in the bay yesterday.

Edmon Eno and wife have moved to Boston where they will reside.

Miss M. F. Wood, of Bluehill, is the guest of A. W. Greeley and wife.

James H. Scott, of Southwest Harbor, was in town Saturday on business.

Pearl B. Day and son Clarence, and William H. True are hunting in Franklin.

A. R. Hagerthy, who has been ill with inflammatory rheumatism, is improving.

Mrs. Harry Cahill and son, of Portland, are visiting Mrs. Cahill's mother, Mrs. Ella E. Scott.

Dan and Dolly Mann will present "Mandy Hawkins" in Hancock hall, Tuesday, Dec. 15.

Mrs. C. H. Closson, of Sedgwick, who spends the winters in Ellsworth, is at the American house.

F. P. Strickland, formerly with the Ellsworth Hardware Co., was in town a few days last week.

Mrs. A. R. Whittemore has returned to Massachusetts, where she will spend the winter with relatives.

The ladies of the Baptist and Methodist churches will hold a supper at their respective vestries to-night.

There will be a meeting of Esoteric lodge, F. and A. M., to-morrow evening for work in the Fellowship degree.

E. T. Salisbury and wife, who have been in Northeast Harbor for some time past, have moved back to Ellsworth.

Hoyt H. Austin has secured a position with the Library Bureau print, of Boston. Mr. Austin left Ellsworth last week.

The sidewalk on the lower side of Franklin street has been extended from the Davis carriage factory to the engine-house.

Prof. C. J. H. Ropes, of the Bangor theological seminary, and daughter were the guests of Judge and Mrs. L. A. Emery Sunday.

John F. Knowlton and daughter, Mrs. William E. Whiting, attended the funeral of Mrs. Parker Spofford, at Bucksport Monday.

Mrs. Fred H. Osgood, with her children, who has been in Massachusetts several weeks with relatives and friends, returned Saturday.

Rev. J. P. Simonton went to North Ellsworth to-day to officiate at the funeral of Sewall Phillips, who died in Bucksport.

Work on H. W. Dunn's new granite shed is progressing rapidly, and in a few days will be ready for occupancy. As has been previously stated, the shed will be 32 feet on the Water street front, 25 feet deep. It will have large double swinging doors so as to drive a team in and out. It will

Advertisements.

WHEN SLEIGH BELLS RING

Put a hot water bottle in the sleigh to keep the feet warm—no need these days of the old-fashioned brick. A hot water bottle will keep you warm through the longest sleigh ride—our Hot Water Bottles are of fresh new rubber, and we have marked them at a "special" price—

Wiggin & Moore, DRUGGISTS.

Corner opposite Post Office, Ellsworth.

also be fitted with a 5-horse electric motor. When completed the building will be a great improvement to that part of Water street.

Mrs. Henry Whiting will leave to-morrow for Boston for the winter. She will be accompanied by her son Henry and Miss Ray N. Whiting.

The "Melissa Trask", Capt. A. W. Hutchings, has loaded 700,000 staves at Jonesboro for C. J. Treworgy, and sailed Monday for New York.

George P. Woodward was in town for a day or two last week. His mother, Mrs. S. B. Woodward, is spending the winter in Brooklyn, N. Y., at 189 Sterling place.

Mrs. Newell Hardison, of West Franklin, died at her home after an illness of only a few days. She leaves beside a husband, a son living in Ellsworth—Edward H. Jordan.

Rev. George F. Sibley, of Franklin, will preach at the Baptist church Sunday afternoon and evening. The pastor, Rev. David Kerr, is conducting evangelistic services at Manset this week.

One of Ellsworth's numerous picnic supper clubs had a turkey supper at the home of Fred L. Mason last Saturday evening. The occasion was the birthday of Mr. Mason and one of his sons.

Last Thursday a committee appointed by the State was at the court house, looking after the salaries and fees of the county officers. They will report at the next regular session of the legislature.

The next regular session of the Unity club alliance will be held at the Unitarian parsonage this afternoon. The subject for discussion will be: "What relation does the church in our thoughts bear to salvation?"

There will be a union Thanksgiving service at the Congregational church Thanksgiving day, Thursday, Nov. 26, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Rev. S. W. Sutton will deliver the sermon. All are cordially invited.

The literature club met with Miss M. A. Clark on Park street Monday evening. There was a good attendance, and an interesting meeting in spite of the bad weather. The next meeting will be with Miss M. H. Black on State street.

Mrs. George E. Greeley, who has been on a two-weeks' hunting trip near Patten with a party of Boston friends, is home. Mrs. Greeley's prowess with the rifle is demonstrated by a handsome deer she shot and brought to Ellsworth.

Miss Anna Beal, a deaconess of Boston, and who was recently called to Bangor will lecture in the Methodist church Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. Miss Beal has been connected with the good work in and about Boston for several years, and she tells many thrilling incidents.

The 700-pound moose at Floyd & Haynes' market last week drew as large a crowd as would a fire. The animal was shot by a Mr. Crabtree between here and Franklin. Mr. Crabtree also got another moose weighing about 500 pounds. This was the first moose to be seen in an Ellsworth market this season.

At a recent meeting of the stockholders of the Ellsworth Shoe Co., it was voted to raise the sum of \$5,000 to carry on the business. The stockholders also elected officers as follows: John O. Whitney, president; Frank S. Lord, treasurer; directors, Frank S. Lord, John O. Whitney, Jere T. Giles, Hosea B. Phillips, B. Frank Thomas.

Last Friday afternoon Judge J. B. Redman presented to the Ellsworth high school a frame containing several views of the buildings at Bowdoin college. Judge Redman is a Bowdoin man, and an enthusiastic and loyal alumnus. The judge stated that Bowdoin would hereafter admit graduates of high schools of approved standard on certificate.

John Maloney's barn on the Stabawl road was burned to the ground last Friday night, together with a large amount of pressed hay, farming machinery and tools. The cause of the fire is not known, but is supposed to have been due to the carelessness of gunners who frequent this section. This is the second fire in this vicinity this season, and evidently from the same cause.

Arthur H. Pray, an electrician, of Bar Harbor, is in the city wiring private houses. Mr. Pray has just received from the navy department a medal for bravery at the battle of Santiago, in our recent war with Spain. Mr. Pray was on the cruiser "Brooklyn" during the engagement off the Cuban coast. He also was in his possession a piece of the flag the "Brooklyn" flew during that battle.

The November committee of the Congregational society will give a party to-morrow evening, Nov. 19, at the residence of Mrs. J. M. Hale, Main street. There will be an exhibition and sale of portraits of some well-known Ellsworth citizens, drawn by a flattering artist who made it her care "to draw men as they ought to be, not as they are". A prize will be given to the one most fortunate in recognizing his friends.

During the course of construction of the postoffice extension it was found that the building owned by C. C. Burrill, and at that time occupied by C. F. Davis as a meat market, was on government land. The treasury department issued an order for the building to be removed. Since that time, through the efforts of Senator Hale and Congressman Burleigh, the order has been suspended, and for the present the building will remain where it is.

Preparations have been completed for the annual concert and ball of the Dirigo athletic club at Hancock hall Wednesday evening, Nov. 25. At the concert the ladies' quartette will appear.

This newly-formed organization was billed for the Catholic bazaar, but the illness of Mrs. J. A. Cunningham prevented its appearance. Miss Bertha L. Giles, soprano soloist, who is becoming very popular, will sing. Harry Gerry will have a new speech ready, and the mandolin and banjo club will also put in an appearance. The music for dancing will be furnished by Monaghan's orchestra. Supper will be served in the lower hall.

Dennis Hayes was arrested by Deputy-Sheriff Fields this morning on a warrant charging him contempt of court. Hayes was summoned to appear before Judge Peters as principal witness against Harry Graves, of Lamorne, who was charged with a single sale of liquor. When the hearing came off Hayes did not appear, and Graves was discharged. Hayes was before Judge Peters this afternoon, and was fined \$10 and costs, and in default of payment, twenty days in jail. He went to jail.

Benjamin F. Joy has returned to the city after an absence of two years, and opened his studio. Fassett & Rand, who have occupied the studio since Mr. Joy's removal to Westbrook, have gone to Lewiston. The studio, which was started by Mr. Joy in 1871, is being newly fitted, and made ready for occupancy. In the place of the usual show-cases, Mr. Joy will have his samples shown from draperies. The scenery is all being changed, and there will be new backgrounds. Mr. Joy has with him W. R. Fenley, of Portland, who will manage the business for Mr. Joy during the holidays. Mrs. Joy and her daughter will, for the present, remain in Westbrook.

Alfred A. Farland, banjo virtuoso, is booked for Hancock hall Friday evening, Nov. 27. The advance agent has been in town soliciting patronage the past week. A sufficient sum has to be guaranteed to warrant Mr. Farland coming here. Of his work the Boston Transcript says: "It was a matter of excitement to hear Farland, for the man has a technique that makes one begin to believe possible what one reads of Paganini himself. * * * His banjo whines like the wind, and oftener sounds like a cello, a violin, a mandolin or a harp than it does like a banjo. * * * Those who fell into a fine frenzy at Kubelik's technical feats should not miss an opportunity of hearing Farland's still more amazing exploits."

The annual business meeting of the Baptist church and society was held Thursday evening for the appointment of the following officers and committees: Moderator, R. B. Carter; clerk, Mrs. J. G. Leighton; auditor, Edgar Strout; treasurer, E. S. Means; collectors, J. G. Leighton, C. S. Donnell; prudential committee, G. W. Thurber, chairman; E. S. Means, Edgar Strout, J. G. Leighton, Charles Thurber; alliance committee, Miss Sadie Jordan, chairman; Mrs. A. Maddox, Mrs. R. E. Morang, Mrs. J. G. Leighton, Mrs. Pederson; pulpit supply, Mrs. C. H. Curtis, chairman; Mrs. Edgar Strout, Mrs. James L. Cook, Mrs. Franks, Mrs. E. S. Means; ushers, Austin Maddox, Milton Beckwith, Earl V. Thurber, Carl S. Donnell.

The popular Klark-Urban company opened a week's engagement in Hancock hall Monday night with a "A True Kentuckian". The hall was crowded to overflowing with a jolly, good-natured audience. The cast on the opening night was good, and the several parts were well taken. There were many new specialties, all of which were well received. Last evening the attendance was small owing undoubtedly to the stormy weather. "Sealed Lips" was on last evening. Tonight will be the society drama "Woman against Woman". New specialties and new pictures are promised. Special mention should be made of the illustrated songs by Miss Gladys Klark, which are certainly the best ever seen in Ellsworth. This company is now one of the old "landmarks" of the city and their coming is usually looked forward to with much pleasure. Saturday afternoon there will be a matinee.

CHURCH NOTES.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.
Rev. J. P. Simonton, pastor.
Sunday, Nov. 22—Morning service at 10.30. Sunday school at 11.45. Lecture by Miss Anna Beal, of Boston, at 7 p.m.
Prayer meeting Friday evening at 7.30.
UNION CONG'L, ELLSWORTH FALLS.
Sunday, Nov. 22—Sunday school at 11.30 a.m.
Weekly prayer meeting Friday evening at 7.30.

BAPTIST.
Rev. David Kerr, pastor.
Sunday, Nov. 22—Morning service at 10.30. Sermon by Rev. G. F. Sibley, of Franklin. Sunday school at 11.45. Junior C. E. at 6 p.m. Praise and preaching service at 7. Rev. G. F. Sibley.
Prayer meeting Friday at 7.30 p.m.
Hancock—Service Sunday at 2.30 p.m.; Mr. Sibley.
Trenton—Services Sunday at 2.30 and 7 p.m. Mrs. Kerr.

UNITARIAN.
Rev. S. W. Sutton, pastor.
Sunday, Nov. 22—Service at 10.30 a.m. Sunday school at 11.45 a.m.

CONGREGATIONAL.
Rev. J. M. Adams, pastor.
Friday, Nov. 20—Prayer and conference meeting at 7.30.
Sunday, Nov. 22—Morning service at 10.30. Sunday school at 11.45 a.m. Thursday, Nov. 26, at 4 p.m., Union Thanksgiving service. Sermon by Rev. Silas W. Sutton.

"And before I accepted him," said Miss Passay, "I asked him if he would love me when I was old." "The idea!" exclaimed Miss Bright, "why, if he proposed to you he had already proved that, hadn't he?"

Advertisements.

THE OLD RELIABLE



Absolutely Pure.
THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE

FOUND DEAD.

Michael Coughlin Drops Dead From Heart Disease.

Michael Coughlin, aged sixty-nine years, was found dead in the yard of his daughter, Mrs. Ellen Parody, on Beal avenue, at 16 o'clock last Thursday night, by a searching party.

Mr. Coughlin left his home shortly after dinner and came down town. He stood about the streets for an hour or so and then went to the lumber mill of E. Bonsey & Son on Water street. He got a couple of rails to repair a fence with, then started for Mrs. Parody's house, which is at present unoccupied.

He took a short cut, going up by the Maine Central freight sheds and over a long flight of stairs leading over a high embankment.

The body was found only a short distance from the head of these stairs. Death must have been instantaneous. He was lying on his back, with one hand thrown across his heart. He never moved after falling, for if he had he would certainly have rolled down the steep embankment to the railroad tracks. The fence rails, which he was evidently carrying on his shoulder, were lodged in a tier over him.

Coroner Fields was summoned but deemed an inquest unnecessary and ordered the body removed to his home.

Mr. Coughlin left his home that afternoon in apparently his usual good health, and was not missed till supper time. His non-appearance at this meal caused anxiety on the part of his daughter, and a searching party was immediately formed.

Inquiries about the streets led the party to believe that Mr. Coughlin had gone to the cemetery to get his lot ready for the coming winter; therefore they went to the cemetery and spent several hours following numerous tracks which led to nothing. They returned, and about 10 o'clock, as a chance crew, went to Mrs. Parody's house. Here they found the body as above stated.

Mr. Coughlin was a native of Ireland and came to this country and city when a young man. He was well and favorably known about the city for his integrity and honesty, and was held in the highest respect by all.

He leaves two daughters—Mrs. Ellen Parody and Mrs. Dennis McCarthy; and two sons—Michael and John W.—all of Ellsworth.

The funeral services were held at St. Joseph's Catholic church Sunday afternoon, Rev. J. D. O'Brien officiating. Interment at Mt. Calvary cemetery.

COMING EVENTS.

Week beginning Nov. 16, at Hancock hall—Klark-Urban Co. Tickets now on sale at Wiggin & Moore's.

Wednesday, Nov. 18, at Methodist vestry—Epworth league supper from 6 to 7. Price, 15 cents.

Wednesday, Nov. 18, at the Baptist vestry—Supper by the ladies' aid society. Admission, 15c.

Wednesday, Nov. 18, at West Franklin—Annual rally of Riverview local union.

Thursday, Nov. 19, at residence of Mrs. J. M. Hale—Party by November committee Congregational society. Admission, including refreshments, 25c.

Wednesday, Nov. 25, at Hancock hall—Annual concert, ball and supper by Dirigo athletic club. Tickets at Cunningham's.

Friday, Nov. 27, at Hancock hall—Alfred A. Farland, banjo virtuoso.

Thursday, Dec. 10, at Unitarian vestry—Annual sale and supper of Unity club.
Hancock hall, Tuesday, Dec. 15—Dan and Dolly Mann in "Mandy Hawkins". Tickets 35 and 50c.

Mrs. Rubbar—That busybody woman next door stood for half an hour in her dining-room looking into ours. Mr. Rubbar—How do you know, dear? Mrs. Rubbar—Why, I happened to be in our dining-room watching her.

Advertisements.

Hot Water Bags

Good bags, made of good rubber by a good firm. Every bag carefully inspected and all imperfect ones thrown out. No cracks or weak spots in any of them. All good substantial bags that will stand hard usage. We invite you to examine this new lot. The prices are at the bottom notch for such quality. Nothing better made for the money. 1 qt., 2 qt., 3 qt., 4 qt.

G. A. PARCHER, Apothecary,
No. 14 Main Street, Ellsworth, Maine.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

Topic For the Week Beginning Nov. 22.—Comment by Rev. S. H. Doyle.
Topic.—What are you thankful for?—Ps. cxviii, 1-22.

In reading the topic it may be well to place the emphasis upon the "you," for nothing is more important in thanksgiving to God than its individual element. If the emphasis be placed upon family, church and national thanksgiving the individual may be unimpressed and the thanksgiving in vain, but if the individual is thankful for home, church and national blessings the thanksgiving of these also will be necessarily included.

The thanksgiving of the topic refers to God. What are you thankful unto God for? The justice of thanksgiving for benefits and blessings is universally acknowledged. Every human language has a word to express thanksgiving. Men are thankful unto their fellow men, and ingratitude is looked upon as one of the basest of human characteristics. How much more, then, should we be thankful to God! If human kindness meets return how much more should divine kindness be met with appreciation and gratitude!

1. We should be thankful to God for His goodness. In the opening verses of this Thirty-third Psalm the poet calls for praise to God because of His goodness. "Praise the Lord, *** sing unto Him a new song, *** for the earth is full of the goodness of the Lord." God's goodness and mercy are everywhere manifested about us. Everything that has been made redounds to the glory of God and at the same time contributes to human happiness and comfort. It is only when man abuses the goodness of God that His creations are harmful instead of beneficial. If we will use the world that God has made for us and not abuse it we will find that we can testify with the psalmist that "the earth is full of the goodness of the Lord," and recognizing the goodness of God, we will also admit that "praise is comely for the upright."

2. We should praise God for His power. The power of God is infinite. "He gathereth the waters of the sea together as an heap; he layeth up the depths in storehouses. *** He spake and it was done; He commanded and it stood fast." Moreover, the infinite power of God is used for the benefit of His people. Power wrongly used is a blighting curse to mankind, but rightly used it is an untold blessing. God's power is a blessing and not a curse. He uses His power to frustrate the plans of the heathen and to the benefit of His people. Wherefore we should be glad and thankful unto God for His power.

3. We should be thankful unto God for His providence. Divine providence is national as well as individual. "Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord." And surely as a nation we can claim that our God is the Lord. His providence has guided and directed us in all our history and His hand is large with blessings upon us as a nation today. Let us therefore be thankful unto Him and render unto Him praise and honor for all His benefits.

BIBLE READINGS.
Ps. ix, 1, 2; xxiv, 1-5; xxxiv, 1-8; xlviii, 1-14; xcii, 1-5; xcvi, 1-4; ciii, 1-14; cv, 1-15; cvii, 1-8; cxvi, 12-19; Eph. v, 18-21; Rev. iv, 9-11.

A Plea For Advance.

Rev. Dr. Edwin Forrest Hallenbeck, president of the New York state union, in a recent letter to his constituents said these very pertinent things:

The keynote of the great Denver convention was "forward." Dr. Clark exhorted the hosts to continue the "increase campaign." Has your society made its proportionate gain? If not, let the effort be inaugurated at once. It can be done in the most unpromising fields, as experience has proved again and again. If you made the increase last year, do it again now.

This should also be a year of advance among the local unions. One city union president said to me at Denver, "I shall not be satisfied until there are at least two societies—young people's and junior—in every available church in my district." With such an ambition in the breast of every union officer this year must mark splendid progress throughout the state.

But we shall never forget, young people, shall we, that in all our work the supreme end is the salvation of the lost? The strongest society is that which gives most of prayer and money and effort to the rescue of those for whom Christ died. Let us focus all our powers on this definite object and by the might of God this shall be our best year.

Expansion Its Duty.

Christ's own command to every organization, as well as of every individual of His ordaining, is, "Go, go, go into all the world." Because the Christian Endeavor society has of late been obeying this command more completely and literally than ever before it has enjoyed the best year of all its history. Whether it will continue to prosper depends upon whether it continues to grow.—Rev. Dr. Francis E. Clark.

A Means to an End.

Teach the Endeavorers to put the larger interests of the church before the less important interests of their society. This is to be done chiefly by insisting all the time that the Christian Endeavor society shall be what it was intended to be—merely the training school for the church, merely the stepping stone toward full church activity and never an end in itself.—Amos R. Wells in Congregationalist.

To Help.

Christian Endeavorers, you're organized to help, not merely to wait before the altar for the help that you can get.—Rev. Reginald John Campbell, Minister of City Temple, London.

Mutual Benefit Column.

EDITED BY "AUNT MADGE."

Its Motto: "Helpful and Hopeful."

The purposes of this column are succinctly stated in its title and motto—it is for the mutual benefit, and aims to be helpful and hopeful. It is for the common good, it is for the common use—a public servant, a purveyor of information and suggestion, a medium for the interchange of ideas. In this capacity it solicits communications, and its success depends largely on the support given it in this respect. Communications must be signed, but the name of writer will not be printed except by permission. Communications will be subject to approval or rejection by the editor of the column, but none will be rejected without good reason. Address all communications to

THE AMERICAN, Ellsworth, Me.

HEROES AND HEROES.

We give unstinted praise to the man Who is brave enough to die, But the man who struggles unflinchingly Against the currents of destiny, And bears the storm of adversity, We pass unnoticed by.

We've plaudits and tears for him who fails, Borne down in the shock of strife, But a word of cheer we neglect to say To him who plods on his weary way, And fights in silence from day to day The unseen battles of life.

There's courage, I grant, required to face Grim death on the gory field, There's also courage required to meet Life's burden and sorrow; to brave defeat; To strive with evil and not retreat, To suffer and not to yield.

Some moments there are in every life, When the spirit longs for rest, When the heart is filled with a bleak despair, When the weight of trouble, remorse and care Seems really greater than we can bear, And death were a welcome guest.

But we crush it down and we go our way To the duties that lie in wait, From day to day we renew the fight To resist the wrong and to seek the right, To climb at last to the sun-crowned height, And to triumph o'er time and fate.

And thus—for my heart goes out to them— My need of praise I would give To those who struggle life's path along, The host of toll, who are patient, strong, The unwarded, unnumbered throng, Who are brave enough to live.

—Denver News.

Selected by Alexia.

Dear M. B. Friends: When it was time (and later time than it ought to be) to begin the column for this week, I turned to my stock of clippings for a suitable heading, and the first selection I saw was: "Heroes and heroes." When I had read the first stanza I said to myself: "this is what I want," and you will say too "it is what we want."

We need to be reminded occasionally that heroes are not always dead heroes; that true courage and self-sacrifice may not always culminate in an act which means the giving up of existence, but it may endure in silence and patience while years go by.

Look over the friends and neighbors and acquaintances of yours, or perhaps even your own home circle, and you may find more than one possessed of the stuff out of which heroes are made. He or she who stands faithfully to the post of duty, whatever adverse winds may blow or whatever persuasive voice may call to easier tasks and sweeter pleasures, has the elements of heroism in the heart.

Usually that kind of a person isn't one to whom you want to express sympathy. You may honor such a one, but you know instinctively your pity is not needed. So if you would help him, it must be by good comradeship, by good cheer, by acts more than by words.

Isn't it queer that sometimes persons talk as though they would like to make the world over if they could? Perhaps we all talk that way sometimes. But there are those who are born reconstructionists. You have heard them talk. They know what changes ought to be made to better everything in general and most things in particular, and usually they are the persons who have really accomplished the least.

Those who are actually engaged in helping to make life richer and deeper and broader, haven't so much time for theories of reconstruction, whether those theories apply to homes about them, to school, or church, or state.

Don't misunderstand me to say that we should not all be active and interested in all that is for the public good or for private benefit. I am only alluding to those who know what ought to be done in every case, every time.

I wonder what all our good friends are doing these short days! Hurrying, many of them, to accomplish all they can before the early November twilight settles down upon them each night.

How nice it would be if some of the mothers who keep their little ones tidy, who manage to have their work well done each day, and their meals on time, could impart their methods to other mothers with the same number of children, who are never through with their work, who find home-making and housekeeping such a wearisome task.

Of course the mothers get tired in every household; of course there are times when the work goes wrong, but the homes and the children! Oh! how you ought to cherish them, to appreciate them and to plan with the fathers for the comfort and happiness and best good of all!

When the years have flown and the little ones stand in the world as men and women worthy to be trusted and respected, you will realize that the years of care and labor were not lost; that you were doing life's best work when you were training these little ones for an honorable manhood and a pure womanhood.

I hope these truths will cheer some busy, discouraged mother, who thinks because she cannot go out much and help in the outside work in her town or church or neighborhood, that she is missing some of life's best opportunities.

Wait sister. Do not underestimate your own sphere of labor and the work you are performing, not alone for your own family, but for the community, the town, the state, the country, for we are all a

Stops the Cough and Works off the Cold. Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure No Pay. Price 25 cents.



Miss Alice M. Smith, of Minneapolis, Minn., tells how woman's monthly suffering may be quickly and permanently relieved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have never before given my endorsement for any medicine, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has added so much to my life and happiness that I feel like making an exception in this case. For two years every month I would have two days of severe pain and could find no relief, but one day when visiting a friend I ran across Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound,—she had used it with the best results and advised me to try it. I found that it worked wonders with me; I now experience no pain and only had to use a few bottles to bring about this wonderful change. I use it occasionally now when I am exceptionally tired or worn out."—Miss ALICE M. SMITH, 804 Third Ave., South Minneapolis, Minn., Chairman Executive Committee Minneapolis Study Club.

Beauty and strength in women vanish early in life because of monthly pain or some menstrual irregularity. Many suffer silently and see their best gifts fade away. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound helps women preserve roundness of form and freshness of face because it makes their entire female organism healthy. It carries women safely through the various natural crises and is the safeguard of woman's health. The truth about this great medicine is told in the letters from women published in this paper constantly.

Mrs. C. Kleinschrodt, Morrison, Ill., says:—

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have suffered ever since I was thirteen years of age with my menses. They were irregular and very painful. I doctored a great deal but received no benefit. A friend advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which I did, and after taking a few bottles of it, I found great relief. Menstruation is now regular and without pain. I am enjoying better health than I have for sometime."

How is it possible for us to make it plainer that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will positively help all sick women? All women are constituted alike, rich and poor, high and low,—all suffer from the same organic troubles. Surely, no one can wish to remain weak and sickly, discouraged with life and without hope for the future, when proof is so unmistakable that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will cure monthly suffering—all womb and ovarian troubles, and all the ills peculiar to women.

\$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness. Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

part of the world itself, and our work is not so small as it may seem to us to be.

QUOTATION.
If you let yourself be upset by the little vexations and perplexities from which no life is free, you are acknowledging that they are bigger than you are.

AUNT MADGE.

Was Civilization Cradled in America?

The eastern continent has generally been regarded as the first home of civilized man, and the similarity of certain Central American games and customs to those of Asia have been held to indicate that they were brought hither across the Pacific.

In a recent article, Dr. Stewart Culin, of the University of Pennsylvania, affirms his agreement with the late Dr. Brinton, one of the most distinguished of American archeologists, who believed that, at the time of the discovery of America, there was not a dialect, an art, a plant, a tool, a weapon, or a symbol, that had been brought hither from any other continent. This being so, it is evident that the similar games, customs, etc., must have arisen independently on both sides of the Pacific, or that the Asian ones must have been derived from the American.

Dr. Culin believes that the latter is the true supposition, and he thinks "that ancient America may have contributed, to an extent usually unimagined, her share of what is now the world's civilization."—Success.

There Were Enough Inside.

In England, the lord chancellor, by virtue of his office, has a right to inspect all public asylums and hospitals. One day, while the late Lord Herschell was paying a visit at the house of a friend near Norwich, he went for an afternoon stroll, and, happening to pass by the great insane asylum at that place, the thought struck him that this was a good time to perform an official duty. Incidentally, it may be said that Herschell bore the reputation of being somewhat pompous at times. He knocked at the door, which, after a long delay, was opened by an attendant. "You can't come in," he was informed. "It's not visiting hours." "That makes no difference. I shall inspect this institution just the same." "Indeed, but you'll not."

Advertisements.

The Man From the Crowd.
Men seem as ants as the leaves on the trees,
As little as the bees in—swarming of bees;
And we look at the millions that make up the state,
All equally little and equally great,
And the pride of our courage is cowed,
Then Fate calls for a man who is larger than men,
There's a surge in the crowd—there's a movement,—and then
There a-comes the man who is larger than men,—
And the man comes up from the crowd.
The chasers of trifles run hither and yon,
And the little small days of small things still go on,
And the world seems no better at sunset than dawn,
And the race still increases its plentiful spawn,
And the voice of our waiting is loud,
Then the Great Deed calls out for the Great Man to come,
And the crowd, unbelieving sits sullen and dumb,—
But the Great Deed is done, for the Great Man is come—
Aye, the man comes up from the crowd.
There's a dead hum of voices, all say the same thing,
And our forefathers' songs are the songs that we sing,
And the deeds by our fathers and grandfathers done
Are done by the son of the son of the son,
And our heads in contrition are bowed,
Lo, a call for a man who shall make all things new
Goes down through the throng! See! he rises in view!
Make room for the man who shall make all things new!
For the man who comes up from the crowd.
And where is the man who comes up from the throng,
Who does the new deed and who sings the new song,
And who makes the old world as a world that is new?
And who is the man? It is you! It is you!
And our praise is exultant and proud,
We are waiting for you there,—for you are the man!
Come up from the jostle as soon as you can;
Come up from the crowd there, for you are the man,
The man who comes up from the crowd.
—Success.

The Drug Habit.

Men of talent and brilliance whose mental products have pleased and astonished the world and women around whose fascination and charm has revolved many a distinguished social circle have fallen alike victims to this insidious and degrading habit. The false idea that better and more original work can be done by means of such an unnatural stimulus has been the ruin of many noble characters. Whether it be cocaine, morphia, antipyrine, phenacetin—the shameful list grows almost daily—the fact remains that the highest mental and moral principles of the drug habit are slowly undermined and dragged down to the dust. The responsibilities of the medical practitioner in prescribing these potent remedies are, therefore, very considerable, while those of the dispensing chemist are hardly less.—London Medical Press.

On the Menu.

"What have you in the larder?" asked the cannibal king of his chef.
"Not so much today, your elevatedness," explained the chef. "Nothing except a printer and an actor."
"Oh, well, fix them up some way."
The chef bowed several times and rubbed his hands together.
"What are you waiting for?" asked the cannibal king.
"Would your serenely altitudinous excellency deign to suggest some method of preparing the two persons—some new dish, for instance, that would be pleasant to your royal palate?"
"Don't go to any bother. Just put the printer in the pl and the actor in the supe."
And the court jester stepped up and resigned.—Judge.

W. C. T. U. Column.

[The editor invites secretaries of local unions of the W. C. T. U. in Hancock county, and white ribbons generally, to contribute to this column reports of meetings or items that will be of interest to workers in other parts of the county. We would like this to be a live column, but it needs some effort on the part of W. C. T. U. women to make it so. It is a column of their making, not ours, and will be what they make it. Items and communications should be short, and, are, of course, subject to approval of the editor.]

Dear Unions of the County:

Now that the wintry days are upon us, what are we planning to make our meetings interesting and instructive? The Y at Southwest Harbor is evidently alive and active, and we are all glad to see an occasional report from it.

I am pleased to report that wide-awake L. T. L. at South Deer Isle is also alive, and is a very thrifty infant, having taken in seven new members since it was organized. The children are much interested in their meetings, and are taking parliamentary lessons at each session.

Ariadne K. Webb union is still on deck, and has had some very interesting meetings lately. A bible reading on the topic of the day has proved very interesting, each member bringing in as many texts as she can find on the subject, and then the topic is discussed.

Cannot each union plan some feature of special interest and report for the benefit of other unions, thus passing along the good things?

We must also remember that though the friends of resubmission are very quiet just now, they are not dead nor yet sleeping, but only scheming to catch the temperance people off guard, and then to spring the trap of license on them.

PRESS SUPPLY.

"Didn't you git no money from dat woman you held up?" asked the first footpad. "Naw," replied the other shivering slightly. She wuz from Boston. "Well, Boston people has money." "Maybe dey has, but when I sez to her, 'Money or your life, lady,' she sez. 'How dare ye speak to me widout de formality of an introduction?' sez she, an' leaves fruz tiff!"

Writers Who Cling to Facts.
The number of capable writers who are telling the various truths of life in the form of fiction is much greater than contemporary pessimists realize. There is indeed no corner of human experience which cannot produce its able, entertaining representative, says Success.
Let us take some traditional forms of the novel—the sea story, say. Captain Marryat was indeed a master, and yet W. Clarke Russell and Conrad and Jacobel in the work of all these men one has to acknowledge that romantic fidelity to the facts rather than the fancies of the sea which I have spoken of as the note of the modern romantic realism. In the case of Conrad we have also a writer of the first literary importance—a novelist of action and serious vivid detail, who does not scorn to write good English, but who, more than that, Poise as he is—and there is an additional marvel—write English of a quality so English that incredible as it may sound, his words are no less exciting than his adventures.
It may almost be said that the fact of his being a "foreigner" using our English tongue has possessed him with a regard for classical English which fostered in him the journalistic impression of such a vociferous English writer as, say, Mr. Kipling—Mr. Kipling, who is patriotic in everything but his language.

A very pompous woman attempted to leave a car while it was in motion, and the little conductor stopped her with the usual "Wait until the c-a-r stops, leddy!" Don't address me as 'lady,' sir!" she said haughtily. "I beg your pardon, ma'am, but we are all liable to mek mistakes", was the immediate reply.

Advertisements.

CURES CATARRH.

"Hyomei the Most Wonderful Cure for Catarrh Ever Discovered." Says George A. Parcher.
Do not try to cure catarrh by taking drugs into the stomach; it cannot be cured in that manner. The only way in which this too common disease can be cured is through a direct application that will kill the bacilli of catarrh and prevent their growth.
Hyomei is the only known method of treatment that accomplishes this. It is the simplest, most pleasant, and the only absolute cure for catarrh that has ever been discovered.
Thousands of unsolicited testimonials have been received from the most prominent men and women in the country who have been cured by this remarkable remedy. Ministers, bankers, lawyers, even eminent physicians have given strong testimonials as to the remarkable powers of Hyomei to cure catarrh.

The complete Hyomei outfit costs but \$1.00, consisting of an inhaler, dropper and sufficient Hyomei to last several weeks. This will effect a cure in ordinary cases, but for chronic and deep-seated cases of catarrh, longer use may be necessary, and then extra bottles of Hyomei can be obtained for 50c. It is not alone the best (it might be called the only) method of curing catarrh, but it is also the most economical.
Mr. Parcher has so much confidence in the power of Hyomei to cure catarrh, that he will for a limited time, sell this medicine under his personal guarantee to refund the money if the purchasers can say that it did not help them.

Banking.

6%
is what your money will earn if invested in shares of the
Ellsworth Loan and Building Ass'n.

A NEW SERIES

is now open, Shares, \$1 each; monthly payments, \$1 per share.

WHY PAY RENT

when you can borrow on your shares, give a first mortgage and reduce it every month. Monthly payments and interest together will amount to but little more than you are now paying for rent, and in about 10 years you will

OWN YOUR OWN HOME.

For particulars inquire of HENRY W. CUSHMAN, Sec'y, First Nat'l Bank Bldg., A. W. KING, President.

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Pauper Notice.

THE undersigned hereby gives notice that he has contracted with the city of Ellsworth, for the support of the poor, during the ensuing year, and has made ample provision for their support. He therefore forbids all persons from furnishing supplies to any pauper on his account, as without his written order he will pay for no goods so furnished. HARRY S. JONES.

Advertisements.

This will stop a cold
Johnson's
Anodyne LINIMENT
taken internally on sugar quickly cures colds, coughs, croup, bronchitis, influenza and kindred ailments. Price 25c; three times as much, 50c. All druggists.
Send for free copy of "Treatment for Diseases and Care of the Sick Room."
L. S. JOHNSON & CO., 282 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.

MARRYING A TITLE

By Frank Leslie Bowen

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Gerald Elkins was seriously disturbed over his mother's cold blooded purpose to secure a titled son-in-law. He loved his sparkling, vivacious, warm hearted sister, and his soul was in revolt at the idea of forcing her to make a loveless marriage.

He was still pondering over the question in the lobby of the Breslau hotel when inspiration came to him in the person of Tom Carrington, a former college chum.

After the first greetings Gerald dragged his friend into a quiet corner and immediately began to unfold his brilliant scheme.

"Tom, old man, you are still single and heart free, aren't you?"

The other nodded in mild surprise.

"Good! I didn't know but that you had met your fate during the three years you've spent in England. Do you know, the sight of you put a queer idea into my head. You remember my little sister, Elnore? You saw her once about six years ago. She was only a little girl of fifteen then, but I remember you said you thought her deucedly pretty."

The other's brown eyes kindled at the recollection.

"Well, of course she is a young lady now and, if I do say it, one of the loveliest girls that you'll meet in many a day's travel. Most unfortunately, mother has determined to marry Elnore off to some duffer with a title, and she's badgering the life out of the poor girl about it. So far Elnore has turned down all the lords, counts, et cetera, for, though she says she is willing to marry one provided she loves him, she draws the line at the half baked specimens of nobility that the mater has sprung on her. I want you to come to the rescue, Tom. Go in and win the little sister yourself and save her from the titled fortune hunters. You'll fall in love with her, I'll wager my head. My plan is to introduce you to mother and Elnore as an English nobleman whom I met a couple of years ago in England. I remember you once told me your father was an Englishman and distantly related to the Earl of Weldon. That's what made me think of the plan. Of course, having only seen you once for a few minutes years ago, Elnore won't remember you. Join our party for the next two months while we are doing Germany and Austria. What do you think of it?"

"For heaven's sake, Elkins, are you serious?" the other gasped.

"Never more so in my life."

"But your sister! You are not considering whether she will like me or not. Then think of the position it would put me in. She would despise me when she discovered what a trick I had played on her."

"Oh, she'll like you all right, and you can tell her the truth when you propose. You need not care what the others think so long as dad and I are satisfied, and I can vouch for the governor's views. At any rate, as long as you are in the party mother won't be inflicting any more of these fossilized and impetuous nobles on the poor girl."

There was a peculiar twinkle in Carrington's eyes, and he gazed meditatively at the opposite wall a full minute before answering.

"I'll do it," he said briefly as he swung around. "You may introduce me as Lord Carnleigh, the courtesy title of the heir apparent of the Earl of Weldon."

Tom Carrington was tall and broad shouldered, with polished manners of a man of the world. Mrs. Elkins was in a flutter of ecstasy that evening as her son presented to her "my Lord Carnleigh, heir apparent of the Earl of Weldon, Castle Weldon, Sussex, England, a gentleman whom I met two years ago in England," the last statement, at least, being a literal truth.

Elnore's face bore a look of doubting surprise as her eyes first rested on the clear cut features of "my lord," and the latter's quick glance caught it. It worried him a bit, but he soon forgot it in blissful enjoyment of her society.

"By George!" he exclaimed as he paced up and down his own room later in the evening. "Gerald was not a bit too partial in his praise of her. She's the handsomest, brightest, most adorable little girl I've ever met. I'm not sorry I entered into his plot now. I'll carry it through and win her if I can."

Carrington's courtship of Elnore during the next few weeks was of the most industrious and persistent character. Gerald smiled contentedly as he watched the couple so absorbed in themselves, so oblivious to externals, Mamma Elkins, too, was complacent.

True, "Lord Carnleigh" found no "easy victim to his noble charms."

"She's a girl of the most distractingly variable moods," he declared in half despair one day to Gerald. "I believe she likes me. At times I almost think I've won her, she is so sweet and gracious to me, and then just as I am getting my courage up to the proposal pitch she'll suddenly turn cool as an iceberg."

Taking consolation from Gerald's wise commonplace, "That's a woman's way, my lord," he kept up the siege most valiantly. Finally one day his eager eye saw a signal of distress in her mantling cheeks and drooping eyes. Then he boldly demanded a capitulation.

When she whispered, "I love you, Tom," he took her in his arms and shamefacedly acknowledged the deceit

he had practiced upon her and Mrs. Elkins.

Mischiefous dimples danced about the corners of her sweet mouth as she raised her head from his shoulder.

"Tom Carrington," she cried gleefully and to his great consternation, "I knew you were the moment I saw you there in Breslau! A schoolgirl of fifteen never forgets a young man she meets, particularly if he is a—well, rather good looking fellow. I knew you were not 'Lord Carnleigh.' I don't believe I should have learned to like you so well if you had been. I have grown prejudiced against titles since I have been in Europe. Of course, I forgive you, you bad, deceitful fellow, but I can't say what mamma will do."

"Mamma" did what Tom anticipated when he told her of his love for her daughter and bravely confessed that he had been guilty of an atrocious hoax in passing as Lord Carnleigh. Apologies availed him naught. Even when Gerald broke in and attempted to assume responsibility for the whole affair and to explain that Carrington was rich and really connected with a noble English family, Mrs. Elkins' wrath was not abated one jot. In a storm of passion she ordered the young man to leave her apartments and never again to intrude his presence on her or her daughter.

There was a conference that evening between Gerald and Tom at another Berlin hotel, with the result that the next morning, long before the hour of Mrs. Elkins' awakening, Elnore stole out of her room. She was dressed for traveling. Gerald and Carrington met her in the lobby, and all three entered a waiting cab.

Two hours later Mrs. Elkins' French maid brought a large square envelope to her bedside. On both envelope and paper was the Weldon crest. Her astonished eyes read the following lines:

My Dear Madam—I humbly beseech your pardon for defying your commands, but I have obeyed the dictates of my heart, and this morning at 6:30 o'clock, in the presence of your son and my private secretary, Mr. Holcomb, at the Fourth Lutheran church, your daughter and I were married.

We start at once on our wedding trip, and after a few weeks in Italy and France we shall proceed directly to Castle Weldon, England, my country seat.

The countess sends her love and a most earnest plea for forgiveness, in which I heartily join. She also was deceived, basely deceived, and did not learn the truth until she saw my signature on the marriage register. You see, I was not Lord Carnleigh, but the Earl of Weldon, my father, who died more than a year ago, having unexpectedly succeeded to the title only a few weeks before his death.

I need not add, I am sure, how very great pleasure we take in extending an invitation to you, your husband and to my dear friend, Gerald, to pay us a long visit at Castle Weldon after June 1. With deepest regards, WELDON.

Facial Resemblance.

"Physiologists tell us," observed a well known lawyer the other day, "that no two faces are exactly alike, and I think they are correct, although we often hear of one person being the exact image of another. That this is largely a matter of imagination can be proved by investigation. For example, I have in my office a clerk who is constantly mistaken for myself. Several people say he resembles me so closely that I must be joking when I deny the relationship. In order to ascertain how much reason there was for these statements I took the fellow to a photographer's one day last week, and we both had our pictures taken together, and I would defy any one to point out a single point of resemblance."

"My clerk, however, regards the matter as a good joke, and I half suspect that he acknowledges relationship in a good many cases intentionally so as to cause complications. I have shown the photograph to several people who have made the mistake, but it has no influence upon them whatever, and it is impossible to convince them against their will."—New York Mail and Express.

Disraeli's Loves.

In his young days Disraeli fell under the spell of the "gorgeous Lady Blessington," to whom he wrote letters breathing something more than friendship. For example, in 1834:

I was so sorry to leave London without being a moment alone with you; but, although I came to the opera last night on purpose, fate was against us. I did not reach this place until Sunday, very ill indeed from the pangs of parting. Indeed I feel as desolate as a ghost, and I do not think that I ever shall be able to settle to anything again. It is a great shame, when people are happy together, that they should be ever separated, but it seems the great object of all human legislation that people should never be happy together.

"Dyspepsia," he writes a few months later, "always makes me wish for a civil war. In the meantime I amuse myself by county politics." Four years afterward "dearest Lady Blessington" had become "my dear lady," but the friendship lasted after his marriage with my dear Mary Anne, who I am sure will be delighted by finding herself under a roof that has proved to me at all times so hospitable and devoted."—Meynell's Biography of Disraeli.

She Did Not Drop.

"Della!"

"Yes, ma'am."

"I am very tired, and I am going to lie down for an hour."

"Yes, ma'am."

"If I should happen to drop off call me at 5 o'clock."

"Yes, ma'am."

So my lady lies down, folds her hands, closes her eyes and is soon in the land of dreams. She is awakened by the clock striking 6 and calls indignantly:

"Della!"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Why didn't you call me at 5 o'clock as I ordered?"

"Shure, ma'am, ye tould me to call ye if ye dropped off. I looked in on ye at 5, and ye hadn't dropped off at all. Ye was lyin' in the bed in the same place sound asleep."

ELLSWORTH MARKET.

WEDNESDAY, November 18, 1903.

SAID LAW ENFORCEMENT WEIGHTS AND MEASURES. A bushel of Liverpool salt shall weigh 60 pounds, and a bushel of Turkeys Island salt shall weigh 70 pounds.

The standard weight of a bushel of potatoes, in good order and fit for shipping, is 40 pounds.

The standard weight of a bushel of corn, in good order and fit for shipping, is 42 pounds.

Of wheat, best, extra, 60 pounds; of oats, 32 pounds; of corn, 42 pounds; of potatoes, 40 pounds; of barley and buckwheat, 48 pounds; of rye, 32 pounds; of clover, 24 pounds; of timothy, 24 pounds; of alfalfa, 24 pounds; of hay, 24 pounds; of straw, 24 pounds.

The prices quoted below are the retail prices at Ellsworth. Farmers can easily reckon from these what they are likely to receive in trade or cash for their products.

Country Produce.

Butter, Creamery per lb. 28

Dairy 18 1/2

Cheese, Best factory (new) per lb. 16 1/2

Best factory (old) per lb. 16 1/2

Dutch (imported) per lb. 16 1/2

Neufchatel per lb. 16 1/2

Eggs, Fresh laid, per doz. 32 1/2

Poultry, Chickens, 20

Fowl, 14 1/2

Hay, Baled, per ton. 12 1/2

Straw, Loose, 10 1/2

Baled, 18

Vegetables, Cauliflower, 25

Potatoes, pk 20

Squash, 15

Tomatoes, 15

Green corn doz, 12 1/2

Sweet potatoes, 10

Peas, 12 1/2

Beans, per gal. 12 1/2

Pea, 10

Apples, pk 25

Cranberries, 12

Oranges, doz 35 1/2

Lemons, doz 25 1/2

Groceries, Rice, per lb. 10 1/2

Pickles, per gal. 45 1/2

Olives, bottle 25 1/2

Vinegar, per gal. 25 1/2

Pure cider, 50

Cracked wheat, 45 1/2

Oatmeal, per lb. 20

Buckwheat, pk 30

Graham, 30

Granulated meal, 20 1/2

Oil, per gal. 10 1/2

Flour, 10 1/2

Wheat, 10 1/2

Barley, 10 1/2

Oats, 10 1/2

Rye, 10 1/2

Timothy, 24

Alfalfa, 24

Hay, 24

Straw, 24

Apples, 25

Cranberries, 12

Oranges, 35 1/2

Lemons, 25 1/2

Groceries, Rice, 10 1/2

Pickles, 45 1/2

Olives, 25 1/2

Vinegar, 25 1/2

Pure cider, 50

Cracked wheat, 45 1/2

Oatmeal, 20

Buckwheat, 30

Graham, 30

Granulated meal, 20 1/2

Oil, 10 1/2

Flour, 10 1/2

Wheat, 10 1/2

Barley, 10 1/2

Oats, 10 1/2

Rye, 10 1/2

Timothy, 24

Alfalfa, 24

Hay, 24

Straw, 24

Apples, 25

Cranberries, 12

Oranges, 35 1/2

Lemons, 25 1/2

Groceries, Rice, 10 1/2

Pickles, 45 1/2

Olives, 25 1/2

Vinegar, 25 1/2

CUPID AND THE MUD CLERK

By W. W. HINES

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

They rate on the company's pay roll as third clerks. Unofficially, but more correctly, they are known as mud clerks.

Jimmy Boynton was mud clerk on the big side wheel steamboat Rena Stanton, and he was proud of the fact.

Now, the chief clerk on a Mississippi river boat is a dignitary of no mean importance, while the second clerk is almost as impressive an individual.

The mud clerk is the youngster who follows the foremost clerk hand off the gangplank at every landing and checks the freight. When he jumps off the gangplank he generally lands in mud up to his knees. The reason why he never receives his rightful title of third clerk is obvious.

Some men might not consider this pleasant work, but it suited Jimmy. He knew, too, that the way of a mud clerk, if properly directed, leads to a chief clerkship and eventually to a post as captain. Meantime he was a happy go lucky sort of lad who was liked by every one from the captain down to the negro deck hands, more commonly known as "rousters."

On this particular evening he was at peace with himself, the world and even the rousters who were unloading the cargo of cotton on the levee. Jimmy was mechanically checking the numbers atop the bales, but a strange sort of inner consciousness was drinking in the beauty of the scene before him.

The setting sun had turned the muddy waters to a sensuous, laving silver. Just beyond the ripples made by the slowly turning paddle wheels of the boat in the reverse motion necessary to counteract the force of the current lay a tiny island, formed by the cutting in two of a long, narrow sand bar. A few cottonwood trees nodded lazily on the willful bit of land. To his right the old levee had crumbled away, and a new one had been built behind it, forming an artificial lake fringed with tall cottonwood trees and gnarled stumps of cypress. Across the stream the mighty force of water had cut into an island, and every time the boat passed up and down the river the contour of the bank had changed. Sometimes only a foot or two had been sliced away. Sometimes whole acres had disappeared.

It was a marvelous power, was this mother of waters, and yet Jimmy thought exultantly that he was master of it. He could ride it, turn its force into money, make it earn him position and promotion. And, thinking thus, he decided that he would not trade jobs just now with his own congressman.

And then she came on the scene, and he suddenly discovered that it might be desirable to be a congressman after all and wear glossy boots and unstained trousers.

It all happened very suddenly—so suddenly, in fact, that he stopped in the midst of a mighty volley of very forcible language aimed at a lazy rouster, dropped his stub of a pencil and, in blissful ignorance of what he was doing, stood deliberately staring at the dainty vision tripping up the gangplank.

The vision wore something very fluffy and thin and blue, with something thinner still at her throat and wrists, something which fluttered about very coquettishly when she turned her head or lifted her skirts. And her broad flat hat was wreathed in the pinkest of pink roses. Jimmy had only one brief glimpse, but he remembered quite distinctly that the blue in her dress and in her eyes matched perfectly, likewise in her hair and her lips.

Now, of course any authority on fashion could have informed Jimmy that the vision was most badly dressed for traveling, but to Jimmy "good form" was an unknown quantity. He decided that the vision must be a daughter of a railroad president at least, and probably had a million or two in her own right. Having reached this decision, he finished the volley of language, picked up his pencil and resolutely turned his back on the vision.

But visions such as Miss Lorena Thomas possess a haunting quality. The ladies' cabin, so called by courtesy, lay at the other end of the long, narrow, oval expanse, but Jimmy was thoroughly convinced that Miss Thomas could see his mud splattered garments as he rushed through his report in front of the clerk's desk. So expeditiously did he complete this task that the Rena Stanton had not got under full headway before Jimmy bolted into his tiny stateroom in search of the only other pair of trousers he possessed.

They met at the supper table, and when the meal was over Jimmy thanked his stars that, after all, he was only the mud clerk.

Both the first and second clerk had desk work before them, and Jimmy had only a long, lazy evening on deck, during which he could show Miss Thomas the beauties of his river life.

There were moments when this pleasure palled, however. That was when the soft, thin stuff at Miss Thomas' neck and wrists fluttered with a particularly elegant air or the pink roses in her hat bent with languid dignity in his direction. They seemed to remind him that daughters of railroad presidents with their purple and fine linen, which in this instance appeared in the form of forget-me-not blue and rose pink, were not for mud clerks, even if the latter had flattering prospects. He had about decided to lead up to the topic of her family when the Kate Adams hove in sight, and they

leaned against the rail while Jimmie discoursed upon the feats performed by this the fastest boat on the river.

In truth, Jimmie's ambition had once stopped with the captaincy of the Kate Adams, but now he thought with a sigh, "What is the Kate Adams after all?"

But he did not linger on the thought. Everything happened too quickly. Miss Thomas in her excitement had climbed up on the foot rail when the impatient evening breeze took a fancy to the pink crowned hat. Away it went. There was a shrill shriek, and something blue and fluttering bent a little too far over and then went after the hat. And after both went Jimmie.

It must be admitted that under the influence of a blanket, some hot grog and the fulsome praise of one or two of his comrades Jimmie indulged in some romantic day dreams. He had a picture of a grateful railroad president, a pink and blue vision with downcast eyes and a brown eyed young man being very magnanimous, but nevertheless accepting a lifetime devotion in return for a cold plunge. Then the effects of the grog wore off, and Jimmie shook himself vigorously.

The next morning he stood diffidently in Miss Thomas' presence. Gone were the blue frock with its lace frills and the beautiful rose crowned hat. A very sober, sad eyed young woman clad in a simple gingham dress murmured her thanks.

Jimmie shifted from one foot to the other and tried to hide his embarrassment, but when Miss Thomas burst into tears he forgot differences of station and sat down beside her.

"Oh, I reckon you won't be any the worse for the ducking," he said by way of consolation, wishing he could take the sobbing figure in his arms and say something more comforting.

"It isn't the wetting I mind, but—but—my—oh, my dress! I sewed three weeks for Aunt Myra to pay for that dress, and I—I was so proud of it. I know I shall never have another one as pretty as long as I live."

"Yes, you will," declared Jimmie, with the air of a prophet who knew his calling. "Just you wait," he added mysteriously. "Why, you'll have one of 'em every summer; see if you don't."

The girl dried her eyes and looked at him in wonder, but he hardly noticed her expression. He was thinking ecstatically that you cannot always tell a railroad president's daughter by her clothes.

And it was not until Jimmie became chief clerk of the Rena Stanton and settled his bride and her widowed mother in a neat little cottage at Natchez that he discovered that very pretty muslin could be bought for 12½ cents a yard, with pink roses at 50 cents a spray. That was when he insisted upon choosing the bridal gown and ruled severely against the loveliest cotton back white satin at 37½ cents per yard.

Take Your Time Eating.

Here is an example that is worth remembering and following. Horace Fletcher writes of an experience that he had while traveling on a railway.

With me, as with many other people, dinner in which to satisfy a laboring man's appetite. There was an excellent array of good things on the lunch counter to eat and drink, and from these he made a selection rather than attempt the regular dinner. He chose plump ham sandwiches, creamy milk and a large piece of pie. The twenty minutes was ample time for disposing of sandwiches and milk, while he had the pie put in paper to give epicurean enjoyment on the train.

He says:

"If I had put the pie and sandwiches and the milk into my stomach in seven or eight minutes, which, by actual observation, is the glutinous rate of dispatching a station meal, I would have lost two-thirds of nutriment, more than one-half of taste and taken on twenty-four hours of discomfort, possibly inviting a cold and creating an 'open door' for any migrating microbes that were floating about in my atmosphere looking for strained tissue or fermenting food in which to build their disease nests."

Observation proves that you cannot get more nutriment into your stomach than salivation prepares, "gulp" though you may, but you can take in a load of disease possibilities in trying to force or evade proper salivation.—Cooking Club.

Women in Poland.

Polish women are renowned for their beauty, for the perfection of their hands and the smallness of their feet. Polish ladies maintain that when they shop in Vienna and show their small feet with the high instep to be fitted the tradesmen exclaim, "Ah, those are Polish feet!"

But their pleasure in this distinction is not so much a matter of personal vanity as of satisfaction in the superiority of anything belonging to their country, for they are fervidly patriotic.

The lady of position rises between 11 and 12 in the forenoon and goes to bed at 4 o'clock the next morning. She drives from one visit to another, but in reality she is laboring all day for public interests. Everything, the founding of a library, a hospital, a sewing school, is made to strengthen the Polish cause. Four ladies do not meet on a charity committee, says George Brandes, without taking some measure, under that innocent pretext, for the national benefit.

As a consequence of this charm and spirit, the women of Poland receive from the men a courtesy amounting to homage. Men always rise in a tram car to give a lady a seat. At any public place a chair may be ruthlessly demanded of even the most distinguished official present, with the sufficient explanation, "for a lady."

Advertisements.

The Ellsworth American.

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1903 NOVEMBER 1903						
Su.	Mo.	Tu.	We.	Th.	Fr.	Sa.
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30					

MOON'S PHASES.						
Full Moon	5	0:27	New Moon	19	0:1	
Third Quarter	11	9:45	First Quarter	27	0:31	

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1903.

STATE OF MAINE.



By the Governor.

A PROCLAMATION.

In observance of the custom established by our forefathers and conforming to the proclamation of the President, I, John F. Hill, Governor of Maine, hereby designate

Thursday, the Twenty-sixth day of November, Instant,

as a day of public thanksgiving to Almighty God for the multitude of blessings which we have received at His hand and for the expression of our gratitude for His loving kindness.

On that day let all unnecessary labor be suspended, and in our homes and accustomed places of worship let us unite in making this a time of grateful and heartfelt thanksgiving.

The year now approaching its close has been one of prosperity to the State and the Nation. To the highest degree we have enjoyed every blessing of civilized life, and as we give thanks to Him whose watchful care ruleth over all, let us remember the unfortunate and needy that they also may share in our prosperity.

Given at the Executive Chamber at Augusta, this sixth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and three, and of the independence of the United States of America the one hundred and twenty-eighth.

By the Governor.

JOHN F. HILL.

BYRON BOYD, Secretary of State.

Mr. Burleigh Declines the Honor.

[Bangor Daily News.]

Nearly every Maine man who has the welfare of his State at heart will commend the manly utterances of Representative Edwin C. Burleigh of the third Maine congressional district when he says he will not be a candidate for United States senator against Senator Hale before the legislature of 1905. The words are well placed and will bear very much weight with the public.

Take him for all in all, Mr. Burleigh must be counted in the very front rank of Maine politicians. In the first place, he has the reputation of getting whatever he goes after, which is a very good reputation to have. He has also been in the public eye for a long time, and those who study his record longest find therein the most to admire. He is a man who wears well, a person who does not shrink or change color in washing.

Had it not been for the unwearied labors of Edwin C. Burleigh, Maine would have had only three representatives in Congress to-day instead of the four which we now have. Had it not been for the tact and kindly forbearance of this same man, many dissensions would have arisen and much harm would have been done.

And his reasons are cogent and sound, and of a character to win friends among the people at large. Owing to their long terms of service in the upper branch, and to their knowledge of what Maine people want, and to their ability to secure these wants with the least delay and trouble, both Senators Frye and Hale have gained an ascendancy in the councils of the nation such as few other men ever held, and such as no man can hope to hold until he has served long and become familiar with legislative methods.

For these reasons Mr. Burleigh gives us to understand that he shall not oppose the re-election of either senator so long as he lives, and is willing to fill the position he holds.

In making this open statement we believe Mr. Burleigh gives voice to the prevailing sentiment in Maine, a sentiment which is not confined to the republican party, but which pervades business circles all over the State. The admitted strength of Mr. Burleigh in his party, his proved and provable power to control votes and to win friends, and his voluntary statement made months in advance of any possible contest for the high place—all these facts will tend to endear him to the people and to members of his party, and will give him

renewed strength in the councils of the nation.

That form of transacting public business, and of selecting candidates for office which we include under the general word of politics, will have a more savory aspect and will leave a sweeter taste in the mouth of the public, so to speak, since Mr. Burleigh has made voluntary renunciation of his reasonable claim to advancement to a higher position.

Much comment has been aroused by the publication of that part of the President's regular message to Congress which related to the canal negotiations. It was written before the revolution in Panama and has now been cut out of the message. The President says: "High authorities on international law hold that the canal can be dug as an incident to exercising the power to prevent the obstruction of traffic across the isthmus." After stating that in his judgment it is time to declare that the building of the canal cannot be much longer delayed, he continues: "It seems evident that in a matter such as this we should finally decide which is the best route, and if the advantages of this route over any other possible route are sufficiently marked, we should then give notice that we can no longer submit to trifling or insincere dealing on the part of those whom the accident of possession has placed in temporary control of the ground through which the route must pass." He ends by declaring that if the possessors of the territory fail to come to a straightforward agreement with us, "we must forthwith take the matter into our own hands."

"I am much gratified to receive the letters whereby you are accredited to the government of the United States in the capacity of envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the republic of Panama," said President Roosevelt to M. Bunau-Varilla, as this representative of the infant republic of Panama was presented to him in the White House by Secretary Hay. In the words of the new minister, the President thus admitted "into the family of nations the weakest and the last-born of the republics of the new world." Panama is now a sovereign state in the eyes of our government, and it will not be long before we take up negotiations with it, for the construction of the canal. Colombian troops are said to be hurrying to the isthmus to punish the "traitors", but our government will not permit them to land at either Panama or Colon, and may inform the Colombian government that any hostilities even in the remotest vicinity of the Panama railroad will not be permitted by this government. This would make the suppression of the revolution very difficult, if not absolutely impossible. In fact, friends of the new republic can be now certain that its national existence is guaranteed by this country.

The honor and responsibility placed upon the shoulders of our Senator Hale, which he has reluctantly accepted, that of being the chairman of the committee on committees in the Senate are deserved and well-placed. Probably no man in the Senate can better dispose of the ambitions and anxieties for place of his colleagues than our senator. By the way, this selection again emphasizes the important influence exerted in the national Senate by the Maine men.—Portland Express.

COUNTY GOSSIP.

Mrs. P. B. Billings, of Sargentville, has a bouquet of sweet pea blossoms picked Nov. 14, having blossomed since the snow storm Nov. 7.

Bar Harbor has a great many precocious children, but the parents of little "Jack", who is only seven months old, have claimed first prize for him since he waved his hand the other day, and shouted "papa".

The strawberry and violet freaks having passed, now come hog and hen prodigies. Deacon Jefferson Torrey, of Atlantic, reports that a spring pullet laid an egg this week measuring $6\frac{1}{2}$ by 8 inches in circumference. Next!

Mrs. Lizzie McCarrie, of Gouldsboro one of the many smart old ladies of the county, has in three weeks spun, doubled and twisted forty skeins of yarn. She did not feel satisfied with this kind of enjoyment, so on Oct. 31 she turned to and celebrated her eighty-third birthday. It's not every girl of her age who can do a trick like this.

Our West Franklin correspondent writes: The strawberries are nearly all picked, and but few more bunches of mayflowers are left, but harvesting is not yet completed. C. E. Butler has lettuce as palatable as in "the good old summer time". Around the mill where E. G. Burnham did threshing this fall, a second crop of grain is growing. If the weather continues favorable, it is expected that the dust from the threshing of this second crop, will be flying by Christmas.

The Otis correspondent writes this week of a case of cruelty practiced on a valuable dog owned by G. G. Warren, of that place. The dog was caught in a trap. When the trapper—who by the way is not a resident of Otis—found the dog in the trap he, instead of freeing him, shot him. This certainly seems a case of unnecessary cruelty, and the man that would do such a trick should have a dose of his own medicine. Anyhow, if he is ever seen in Otis again he is liable to get something he did not bargain for.

FROM BAR HARBOR.

Dispute Between Coal Dealers and Teamsters Settled in Favor of Farmer.

The arbitrators appointed to settle the dispute between the coal dealers of Bar Harbor and their teamsters have announced their decision, which is in favor of the coal dealers' contention. Some time ago the dealers' teamsters asked for an increase of wages which was refused. The teamsters have been receiving \$10.50 per week and they asked for an increase of \$5.00 per month, giving as their reason for the increase the hard work and many disagreeable features of their occupation.

The discussion was carried on between the parties for some time, and it was finally decided to leave the question to a board of arbitrators, consisting of three disinterested residents of Bar Harbor and a hearing was held last Thursday evening in the G. A. R. hall.

The teamsters were represented by Eugene Brann and the dealers by Fletcher T. Wood, representing the Clark coal company, and Frank P. Wood, representing the Bar Harbor coal company.

The meeting was a long one lasting from 7.30 to 11.30 p. m., and was marked by some lively passages. The question at issue was: Are the drivers of coal teams entitled to more pay than teamsters in other lines of business?

Teamsters in other lines of business receive \$30 per month and board. Many witnesses were called for both sides.

The arbitrators' report follows:

To Eugene Brann, Frank P. Holden and Fletcher T. Wood, representatives of the coal teamsters and coal dealers:
GENTLEMEN: You submitted to us the simple question: "Are the coal teamsters justly entitled to a wage of \$35 per month when the teamsters in other lines of business are paid but \$30 per month?"

At a hearing given at the G. A. R. hall in this village on the evening of Nov. 12, 1903, we listened to testimony which, to our minds, seemed to prove:

First. That the cost of living in Bar Harbor is not necessarily more to coal teamsters than to teamsters in other lines of business.

Second. That, while the work of coal teamsters has certain hard and disagreeable features, that of other teamsters has certain other hard and disagreeable features, which seem to keep the scale on about an even balance.

We therefore answer that the coal teamsters are not justly entitled to a wage of \$35 per month, while the teamsters in other lines of business are paid but \$30 per month, and that the present wage of the coal teamsters, which is \$30 per month and board, be continued until May 1, 1904.

Nothing in this decision is to be understood as expressing or implying an opinion as to whether the present wage of teamsters in Bar Harbor is more or less than it should be.

Very sincerely yours,
(Signed) S. L. HANSCOM,
A. M. MACDONALD,
H. W. FOSB,
Committee on arbitration.

The benefit ball at Music hall Thursday night was attended by a large crowd and was successful in every way. Music was furnished by players from the Casino orchestra and Joy's orchestra.

James George was floor manager, and his aids were: B. E. Whitney, Fred C. Lynam, W. H. Davis, Fred Jellison, F. A. Foster, M. C. Foster, A. Stroud Rodick, Orient Brewer, George Parks, Harry C. Copp, John Burr, Jr., Harry L. Bradley, Frank T. Young, Arthur McQuinn, Victor Gooen, Lester P. Carter, E. A. Dyer, Arthur Clement.

At the Thursday evening rehearsal of the Bar Harbor choral society it was voted to change the evening of the regular rehearsal from Thursday to Wednesday at 7.45 o'clock.

This change was made to accommodate some of the men who wished to attend a lodge meeting. The following were elected members of the society: Mr. and Mrs. U. G. Hodgkins, Thaddeus Hodgkins, Mr. Lurvey.

A telegram was received here last week announcing the death of Dr. W. W. Seely, of Cincinnati, Ohio.

Dr. Seely was one of the prominent summer residents of Bar Harbor where he and his family have spent their summers for several years. He leaves a widow and three daughters.

Mrs. Oliver C. Grant, of Boston, who has been in town for several days visiting relatives and friends, returned Tuesday.

Mrs. Grant was one of Bar Harbor's fall brides. Miss Florence Summby, daughter of Mrs. Hannah Summby. The primary object of her visit to Bar Harbor at this time was to bid farewell to her relatives and friends, as she and Mr. Grant leave Boston Wednesday, Nov. 25, for Seattle, Wash., where they plan to make their future home.

Mr. Grant is going into the lumber business there. He is not a stranger to that part of the country as he returned home only last winter from a five years, stay in the Klondike region.

Commencing Monday last the Congregational, Methodist and Baptist churches will hold a series of evening meetings in the Congregational church. The meetings will be held every evening except Saturday for two weeks. The pastors of the various churches will conduct the services and there will be good singing by a chorus choir.

STATE NEWS.

The annual State dairy meeting, under the control of the Maine State dairymen's association and department of agriculture, will be held at Dover on Dec. 1, 2 and 3. All sessions are public, and everybody is invited.

Nominations by the Governor.

Following are recent nominations by the governor in Hancock county: Railroad commissioner, Parker Spofford, Bucksport; trial justice, John E. Redman, Ellsworth; justice of the peace and quorum, M. W. Abbott, Eden.

A man who is a gentleman only by the grace of his father doesn't count for much.

OBITUARY.

MRS. TRYPHENA BOWDEN.

Mrs. Tryphena Bowden, one of Hancock county's oldest ladies, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. R. B. Carter, Friday, Nov. 13, aged ninety-two years, eight months and twenty-two days.

Mrs. Bowden was born in Penobscot, the daughter of Edward and Tryphena (Lawrence) Saunders. She was one of a large family, all of whom lived to a ripe old age. Two of her brothers are living—Darius, aged eighty-nine, and Isaac.

Seventy-three years ago she married Nathaniel Bowden, of Penobscot, who died in 1879. They were blessed with a family of fifteen children, seven of whom are now living. They are: Mary A., wife of Robert B. Carter, of Ellsworth, with whom Mrs. Bowden had made her home for many years; Nathaniel, of North Bluehill; Bailey W., of East Bluehill; Susan A., widow of David W. Mosley, of Marlboro; Elmira A., wife of George A. Snow, of Woodbury, Vt.; Clara, widow of Jason Fogg, of Pownal; and Julia A., wife of M. D. Chaffee, of East Surry.

Mr. Bowden and his wife were in that little party of Christians who organized the Baptist church at Surry and of which, at the time of her death, she was the oldest member.

The funeral services were held at the home of her son in North Bluehill Sunday, Nov. 15. She was laid at rest beside the body of her husband in North Penobscot, and where also several of her children are buried. She leaves several grandchildren and great-grandchildren besides a large circle of acquaintances to mourn her loss.

NOT DEAD YET.

Fred Cook, of Lamoine, is Alive and in Good Health.

The report published in last week's AMERICAN that Frederick W. Cook had died in a charity institution in Philadelphia was true, but it turns out that he was not Fred Cook, the son of the late Sewall and Amanda Cook, of Lamoine.

A communication has been received from the sister of the "Lamoine Fred Cook" which states that he is alive and in good health, that his name is not Frederick W., but just Fred, without any second initial.

The source of THE AMERICAN'S information last week was Robert H. Smith, superintendent of the department of public health and charities of Philadelphia. His letter stated that Frederick W. Cook had died in that institution on Nov. 10, and that the deceased was about thirty-seven years of age.

As this was the only Frederick Cook known near that age, and as he had previously mentioned the postmaster at Ellsworth his reference, the error was easily made.

Of Interest to Mariners.

The following are the important corrections made during the month of October on charts published at the office of the Coast and Geodetic survey:

Isle au Haut bay—Shoal spot reported north of Kimball's Island. Arthur B. Denny reports that during the summer of 1902 the steam yacht "Pantooet" struck a rock, over which there is at least a depth of about twelve feet, in the approach to the anchorage off the eastern end of Isle au Haut thoroughfare. The ledge is unmarked, appears to be about forty feet in extent, surrounded by much deeper water, and lies off the north side of Kimball's Island, on the bearings: Bay ledge spindle, N.W. $\frac{1}{2}$ N. Ewe Island, east tangent, N. $\frac{1}{2}$ W. Kimball's Island, west tangent, W.S.W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W. (Charts affected: 309 and 104; U. S. Coast Pilot, Atlantic coast, parts I-II 1903, p. 106.)

Off Monhegan Island—Monhegan Island whistling buoy established. About October 20, 1903, a whistling buoy, painted red, was established westward of Monhegan Island, at a point about 2 miles W. $\frac{1}{2}$ N. from the fog-signal station on Monhegan Island. (L. H. B. N. to M. No. 103 of 1903. Charts affected: 105, 6 and 1000; U. S. Coast Pilot, Atlantic coast, parts I-II, 1903, pp. 136, 147.)

Off Monhegan Island—Duck Rocks—whistling buoy discontinued—bell buoy established. About October 20, 1903, Duck Rocks whistling buoy was discontinued and Duck Rocks bell buoy, painted black, was established in its place about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile to the northward and westward of Duck Rocks tripod, and about $\frac{1}{2}$ miles to the northward and westward of Monhegan Island lighthouse (L. H. B. N. to M. No. 103 of 1903—Charts affected: 312, 313, 105, 6 and 1000; U. S. Coast Pilot, Atlantic coast, parts I-II, 1903, pp. 136, 147.)

Schooner Ashore.

The Ellsworth schooner, "Loduskia", Capt. Clark, from Stonington to New York with stone, went ashore on Hedge Fence shoal in the Vineyard Tuesday morning.

The vessel was floated without assistance, and is apparently uninjured.

Henpeck—He was well off a year ago. Bachelor—How well off is he reputed to have been then? Henpeck—Oh he didn't know how well off he was. I mean he's married now.

"I tell you", said the first chieftain abroad, "I'll be glad to get back to old 'Chi'. By the way, May Breezy is married to Bill Laker, is't she?" "I don't know", replied the other. "I thought you said you attended their wedding just before you came over here?" So I did, but that was a month ago."

The Four D's.

Charles Spurgeon once said that there were three great enemies to man—"Idleness, debt and the devil." He might have added one more and included dyspepsia. The evil results of this disease could hardly be exaggerated. Its effects are felt in mind and body, and are as far-reaching as the effects of the curse that was laid on the Jackdaw of Rheims which was cursed in "eating and drinking and sleeping, in standing and sitting and lying." The good effects of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery are most marked in aggravated and chronic cases of dyspepsia. It enables the stomach glands to secrete the necessary quantity of digestive fluids, and this at once removes that craving or gnawing sensation so common to certain forms of indigestion. It tones and regulates the stomach, invigorates the torpid liver and gives the blood-making glands keen assimilative power. "Golden Medical Discovery" cures ninety-eight per cent. of those who use it. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are superior to all other laxative medicines when the bowels are obstructed.

NEW BOOKS

Received at Ellsworth Public Library up to Date.

The Varieties of Religious Experience, Wm James
Foundations of Zoology, W B Brooks
Ancient Law, H S Maine
Early History of Institutions, H S Maine
American Tariff Controversies in the 19th Century, 2 vols, E Stanwood
Immanuel Kant, Frederick Paulsen
Encyclical Letters of Pope Leo XII, E R Johnson
American Railway Transportation, Geo S Morison

The New Epoch, Geo S Morison
Mendel's Principles of Heredity—A Defense, W Bateson
Hypnotism, J M Bramwell
The Cambridge Modern History, vol VII, (The United States), John Morley
Life of Gladstone, 3 vols, John Morley
Memoirs of M D Blowitz, J R Soley
Admiral Porter, John M Robertson
The Negro Problem—A Series of Articles by Representative American Negroes of To-day, Jacob A Riss

Children of the Tenements, Jacob A Riss
Legends of Vergil, C G Leland
Two Little Savages, E Thompson Seton
Vacation Days in Greece, R B Richardson
Straight Shots at Young Men, W Gladwin
Letters from a Self-made Merchant to His Son, G H Lorimer
Reminiscences of the Civil War, J B Gordon
The Musical Guide, 2 vols, Rupert Hughes
Old Quebec, Gilbert Parker
Handbook of Socialism, C D Wright
Some Ethical Phases of the Labor Question, F W Hughes

Essays, Classical, Theodore Roosevelt
The Deer Family, W C Edgar
The Story of a Grain of Wheat, Samuel Lover
Rory O'Moore, Samuel Lover
Handy Andy, James Fenimore Cooper
The py, James Fenimore Cooper
Last of the Mohicans, James Fenimore Cooper
Little Lord Fauntleroy, Mrs F H Burnett
Poetical Works of Lord Byron, Frances Burney

Evilina, John Fox
Trancho, S E White
Kenilworth, S E White
The Maid at Arms, Albert Swinchen
The Adventures of Gerald, R D Blackmore
The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come, E O Kirk

The Blazed Trail, J T Trowbridge
The Magic Forest, J T Trowbridge
Deep Sea Vagabonds, C N Williamson
Lorna Doone, Jack London
Good-bye, Proud World, M S Sewall
My own Story, James Lane Allen
The Lightning Conductor, H S Merriam
The Call of the Wild, K D Wiggin
The Fortunes of Flid, K D Wiggin

The Mettle of the Pasture, James Lane Allen
Barbush of the Guard, H S Merriam
Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, K D Wiggin
Boston. The Place and the People, M A DeWolfe Howe

The Moon, Richard Proctor
Astronomy with an Opera Glass, G P Serviss
Astronomy for Everybody, Simon Newcomb

What would you think of the merchant who offered you two buttons in exchange for a silver dollar—wouldn't you kick? It would be about as insulting to your intelligence as it would were the merchant to try and palm off some of his own cheap mixtures for some well-known reputable food or medicine which has a name for purity, strength and value. A reputation which has stood the test of time cannot be knocked out by such silly tricks. The dealer soon finds that his old customers lose faith in him and he loses trade by such practices.

Advertisements.

Peptiron Pills

(Chocolate-coated)

Are nutritive as well as tonic, and therefore in full accord with advanced science as to the proper treatment of anemia, paleness, and neurasthenia, nervous weakness, in which the need of more and better nourishment is so apparent.

They combine the best tonics, nerves and nutrients for all pale, nervous sufferers; are invaluable to delicate women and girls, invalids and convalescents.

They put iron into the blood, strength into the nerves, color into the cheeks; aid digestion and promote sweet, refreshing, natural sleep.

Peptiron Pills, (chocolate-coated.) 50c. or \$1.—the latter a full month's treatment. Prepared by C. I. HOOD CO., Lowell, Mass.

Selling Agent in Ellsworth:
G. A. Parcher, 14 Main Street.

FURNITURE

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

WALL PAPERS and DRAPERIES

— AT —

E. J. DAVIS'

L. W.

JORDAN,

UNDERTAKER,

ELLSWORTH.

MISS N. F. DRUMMEY,

Public Stenographer

...and Typewriter...

Reasonable Prices. Prompt Service.

Giles' Office, Bank Block, Ellsworth, Me.

Subscribe for THE AMERICAN.

Advertisements.

Ayer's

You can depend on Ayer's Hair Vigor to restore color to your gray hair, every time. Follow directions and it never fails to do this work. It stops

Hair Vigor

falling of the hair, also. There's great satisfaction in knowing you are not going to be disappointed. Isn't that so?

"My hair faded until it was about white. It took just one bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor to restore it to its former dark, rich color. Your Hair Vigor certainly does what you claim for it."—A. M. BOGGS, Rockingham, N. H.

Fading Hair

for
G. A. PARCHER,
APOTHECARY.

Ellsworth, Maine

Professional Cards.

DR. BUNKER,

OF BAR HARBOR,

wishes to announce that hereafter he will give special attention to the treatment of diseases of the

Eye, Nose, Throat and Ear.

Office equipped with all the modern instruments and appliances for the examination and treatment of these diseases.

Easy access to Bar Harbor hospital, where patients receive the best of care at reasonable rates.

F. F. SIMONTON, M. D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Offices in Manning Block, formerly occupied by Dr. J. F. Manning. Office open day and night, except when absent on professional calls.

TELEPHONE.

DR. H. GREELY,

DENTIST.

Graduate of the Philadelphia Dental College, class of '75.

OFFICE IN GILES' BLOCK, ELLSWORTH.

Closed Wednesday afternoons until further notice.

For Sale.

HOUSE—My home at Town Hill, Eden. Farm of 40 to 50 acres. Good field and pasture. Cuts 15 to 20 tons of hay. Two story house, large stable, all in good repair. Location, 8 miles from Bar Harbor and Northeast Harbor and 6 miles from Quarryville, where there are good markets for any farm products. Very good location for a country hotel. Splendid view of the mountains. Will sell on easy terms or will rent for a term of years. The only reason why I wish to sell is that I am not able to work the farm on account of my age. Apply to E. M. HAMOR, West Eden, Me.

Lost.

WHEN PEGGY TOOK THE KEY

By MARJORIE STEVENS

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

Donald Murray was not thinking about the strike.

In fact, it made precious little difference to him at just this moment whether any trains ran on the D. R. and G. tracks at all. His engagement with Miriam Bentley had been suddenly cancelled, and that was trouble enough for him. He had appointed himself a wrecking crew of one to act that very night at the church fair and possibly to undo the mischief wrought by too much steam in the form of hasty words. And then had come the orders from headquarters to stand by his instrument until relieved.

Brownsville was an unimportant station in the center of a thriving farming section. Its stockyards and grain elevator dwarfed the passenger station, and there wasn't enough business in the whole town to support a night telegraph station. In fact, Donald, with his lusty helper and messenger boy, Andy Johnson, constituted the entire D. R. and G. force.

Young Murray was not afraid of work, and at any other time the order to remain at his post for twenty-four hours would have affected him not at all. But tonight he thought of Wilson, Graham, Donaldson and the rest all clustered about the table where Miriam was selling fudge and other homemade sweetmeats, and his hands were plunged deeper in gloom.

The idea of disobeying orders, however, never entered his head, though he did not fully realize the danger which beset the road. This strike through the great wild west was not the ordinary seething turmoil of sudden dissatisfaction which yields quickly to pacific treatment. It had been a prolonged, quiet struggle between capital and labor, with no apparent gain on either side, but an attempt to install a yard force of "scabs" at Midford Junction had precipitated active demonstrations. Seeds of trouble had been sown with reckless hands in the shops and yards, where the stolid Swedes, seeing their jobs and comfortable home lives threatened, had set their teeth hard. And when a Swede says nothing, but draws his eyelids down to a narrow slit, railroad authorities know that trouble is brewing in the brain behind that stolid face.

Andy Johnson stuck his head into the door. Murray caught sight of a vivid red necktie and knew what was coming.

"You won't need me, will you? I want to take in the fair again."

Andy's long, lank body, clad in a wonderful store suit of gray, green and brown checks, followed his good natured face. He closed the door, and his voice took on a wheedling tone.

"There's goin' to be such doin's, honest there is, Mr. Murray! That there fish pond just takes my eye, and you get the funniest things what you ain't expectin' to get. Then there's goin' to be a votin' contest tonight. That silver toilet set cost so much no one won't buy it, so they're goin' to vote it off to the most popular lady present."

Murray's face was suddenly illumined.

"Of course you can go, Andy. There won't be much doing here tonight. Besides, I want you to do some voting for me." He laid a five dollar bill on the table. "Miss Bentley must have that prize."

"Of course she will. Everybody likes Miss Miriam," assented Andy, with eyes fairly devouring the bank note.

"But we want her to be so far ahead of the other girls that they won't be in the running. See? Now, you vote that money slow. Have it changed and vote it a quarter at a time."

Andy nodded and then, filled with importance, turned to go.

"Wait a minute." Murray drew a pad toward him and bit his pencil nervously. But at last the note was finished and carried away by the elated Andy. It read:

My Dear Miriam—I am sorry that I cannot be with you tonight when you win the prize, for of course you will win it. Andy will vote for me, and when it is over won't you send me word how many votes you received? I ask very little, and it is so lonely down here. I must stay because there is trouble of some sort up the line. I know it can't be as bad as the trouble that has been in my heart since we quarreled. Yours, DONALD.

Murray went out into the passenger room and stared up the street where the lights from the town hall shone gayly. Then, with a sigh, he returned to his little office, locked the door and threw himself on the carpet covered sofa for a nap. He was roused by a sharp call at his keyboard.

"Trouble brewing along the line," sang the little ticker. "At Reeves, with a gang of Swedes, has slipped out of town. Keep sharp lookout for No. 3."

No. 3 was the D. R. and G.'s crack train. It carried the mail and the bulk of the cross continent passengers.

Murray was wide awake now. He went the rounds of his little station, making sure that all was secure. Then he examined his revolver and laid it within easy reach on the table and sat staring at the instrument while he reviewed the dangerous points between Brownsville and the stations east and west. There was the cut seventeen miles east. It had once been a favorite spot with train robbers, but little harm could come there from a derailment. The one dangerous spot was the Jamison arroyo, below the town by three miles at least. If No. 3 was

stalled there and the fast freight happened to whirl after it round the curve, as it usually did now that the time card was demoralized by weak service, there might—

Murray closed a nervous hand over his revolver. Nothing must happen. He sat thus with straining ears for half an hour. To him it seemed as if hours had passed when suddenly he heard a faint tap at the outside door. Very cautiously and with receiver in hand he stepped to the door and asked in a firm, clear voice:

"Who's there?"

"It's—it's me—Miriam."

Almost dropping his revolver, Murray threw open the door and drew the girl inside.

"Miriam!" he gasped and led her into his little den.

"Yes," she replied, with the calmness of the feminine mind which can ignore past grievances when it chooses to rise above them. "I wanted to thank you for helping me to win that lovely prize, and I—well—I didn't think Andy—could thank you quite as well as I could."

It was full ten minutes before Donald Murray came back to earth and the realization that No. 3 was four minutes overdue. Just as he reached his hand toward the instrument to communicate with the junction the door of the outside room creaked, and a burly form, followed by another and another, pressed into the waiting room and jerked down the small gate leading into the agent's room. Murray did not wait for a second glance at the intruders. One hand stretched toward the receiver, the other toward the revolver.

"No messages goes out of this office tonight, young fellow."

For answer Murray's finger sent the first word over the wire. With an oath the leader sprang forward, and something cracked with a sickening sound in Murray's right arm. He turned white, and the left hand loosened its grip on the revolver. A burly fist shot forth, but a small, white one closed over the weapon first. Miriam stood beside Murray, the revolver leveled at the group of men.

"Send it, Donald. I'll shoot the first man that moves!"

Her voice trembled, but not with fear. Murray felt his brain reeling. "I don't know what happened," he murmured thickly.

The men were edging away. "Tell him," cried Miriam. "What have you done to that train?"

Down at the junction they caught the words and wondered why Murray had such a jerky, uncertain touch. "No. 3 derailed Jamison arroyo. Hold No. 9 and send help."

Above the mantel in the Murray home there hangs an out of date revolver. When Master Donald Murray, aged six, discovered it and asked where it came from his father replied:

"That is your mother's. She once used it to bring down big game."

"Why can't she shoot it now?" persisted the boy.

"Because she doesn't know how," was the answer as Donald Murray, Sr., gave a laughing glance in his wife's direction.

Moving in a Mysterious Way.

"While spending an afternoon at Pendleton's game the year before the war, by one of those wonderful streaks of luck which touch a gamester not twice in a lifetime Stevens won \$1,000 on a fifty dollar stake," says James Matlock Scovel, writing in the National Magazine about Thaddeus Stevens. "At midnight, as he left the fair palace, after a terrapin supper and a bottle of Roederer, he was accosted by a plethoric negro preacher, who had come all the way from Lancaster to solicit subscriptions to put a roof on the Zion Macedonia church, near old Thad's home. The negro preacher approached him timidly, saying:

"Boss Stevens, kaint yer gib something to de Lawd and our church?"

"Yes," said old Thad. "I like the security and will down with the cash."

"He handed him a \$100 bill and slowly walked toward the carriage which was to convey him to Capitol Hill. The colored domineer hastily glanced at the bill under the gas lamp and saw it was a \$100 greenback.

"Fore de Lawd, boss," he said as he plucked him by the coat. "You hab made a mistake and gib me a \$100 bill for a ten dollar."

"Take it, my friend," said Stevens sentimentally. "I have heard it said that God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform."

The Ugly White Man.

A traveler in the interior of Africa thus describes the effect which his presence had upon the natives: "My appearance on this occasion, as on many others, excited a universal shriek of surprise and horror, especially among the women, who were not a little terrified at seeing such an outcast of nature as they consider a white man to be peeping into their huts and asking for a little water or milk. The chief feeling that my appearance inspired I could easily perceive to be disgust, for they were firmly persuaded that the whiteness of the skin is the effect of disease and a sign of weakness, and there is not the least doubt that the white man is looked upon by them as being greatly inferior to themselves. One day, after bargaining for some onions with a country girl, she told me that if I would take off my turban and show her my head she would give me five more onions. I insisted upon having eight, which she gave me. When I removed my turban she started back at the sight of my shaven crown, and when I jocularly asked her whether she should like to have a husband with such a head she expressed the greatest surprise and disgust and declared that she would rather have the ugliest black slave for a husband."

CATHOLIC MINSTRELS

A Thing of the Past—Good Attendance—Dance Followed.

The Catholic minstrels last Thursday night were greeted with a full house. The performance would be a credit to professionals. Everything went off like clock-work, and was as satisfactory to the management as to the audience.

Many in the house were hard to please, while others would smile at a look, but as the curtain went down on the closing act one and all pronounced it one of the best exhibition of minstrelsy ever given by local talent in the city.

In the first part of the programme the jokes were new and original, of the local nits there were plenty, and the comic singing was good.

Little Margaret Grant was introduced in the opening in "Oh! Mr. Moon". Halpin, Hurley, Linnahan and Robinson were good as end men. A. L. Friend acted as master of ceremonies.

Miss Bertha L. Glies and Miss Lucy Monaghan both sang in their usual pleasing manner. Hatson Duffy, in buck and wing dancing was good.

Two new artists to appear were Clarence Foster, as tenor, and H. W. Dunn, Jr., as bass soloist. Both did well and both responded to encores.

In the second half Miss Hazel Larkin, of Waterville, as soprano soloist, was a leading feature. Miss Larkin has a high soprano, sweet and strong. She made a most favorable impression.

The mandolin and guitar club made its first appearance at this entertainment and did well. Harry Gerry was good in his stump speech.

Miss Nan I. Drummey creditably presided at the piano.

After the final curtain the hall was cleared for dancing.

On the first and second evenings of the fair the following prizes were drawn:

Cord of wood by Joseph Luchini. Barrel of flour, Thomas E. Lee. Pipe, Miss Jane Dunaway, Boston. Boy's suit of clothes, Fred E. Doyle. Pig, Mrs. M. J. Coughlin. China clock, Mrs. Jane Harriman. Five dollar gold piece, H. H. Higgins. Painted belt pin, Mrs. James Harriman. Box of cigars, Miss Katherine Brady. Picture of Father O'Brien, James Dunaway. Picture of Father Hayes, Rev. Father O'Brien. Black sheep, Patrick Larkin. Parlor chair, Harriet Schoppe. Table, William A. Callahan, Quincy, Mass.

Father O'Brien wishes, through the columns of THE AMERICAN, to thank the public in general, and the non-Catholic contingent in particular, for the liberal patronage bestowed upon the fair; also all who so generously gave their time and talent to the minstrels.

Cold-Blooded Murder.

The most deliberate, cold-blooded murder to occur in this State for some time happened at Rome last Thursday, when Hosea Stevens was shot and instantly killed by John Bromley, a close neighbor.

The two men had had more or less trouble about their stock trespassing on each other's land. This day some of Stevens' hogs got in Bromley's field.

Bromley went into the house, but soon returned with a shot gun. He said he was going to shoot some of Stevens' hogs. He shouldered the gun and started down the road. When in front of his neighbor's house Stevens appeared in the doorway. Seeing Bromley with the gun he said to some boys with him:

"See boys! He's going to shoot me!"

Whereupon Bromley raised the gun, took deliberate aim and fired.

Stevens was killed instantly—seven buck shots entering his left breast and several going through his heart.

Bromley delivered himself immediately to a constable, and is now lodged in the county jail at Augusta.

Improvement of Farm Life.

For the benefit of those who are interested in improving the conditions of farm life, but who cannot take advantage of the courses offered by the University of Maine, a series of popular bulletins will be issued with the express purpose in view of carrying directly to the home information which shall aid in the direction mentioned.

These publications will be sent to any individual who may desire them. Any town or community in the county which will organize a club of ten or more, or any grange which will take up systematic study and discussion of the topics, may receive the publications and after a few weeks, if desired, an officer of the university will meet with such club or grange and fully discuss the questions that arise.

The first of these publications, which treats of "Wormout Farms," is issued as a part of the agricultural bulletin.

Contract Awarded.

The contract for the Maine log cabin at the St. Louis fair has been awarded to A. E. Astle, of Houlton.

The lumber for the building will be taken from Machias township on land owned by the Pingree heirs. The building will be built, that is, set up in the woods where the lumber is procured, and then will be taken down and each piece marked, then be carried to St. Louis where it will be again set up. It will require about eight cars to transport the logs.

Guide Mistaken for Deer.

George Spinney, a registered guide, of Stacyville, was shot for a deer last week by a Lynn sportsman. The Lynn man saw Spinney's yellow leggings moving through the brush and thought they were deer's legs. He fired, striking the victim in the leg, cutting an artery and shattering the bone.

Spinney died in the hospital in Bangor Thursday. This is the first mistaken-for-a-deer accident to happen in Aroostook county this season.

The impecunious nobleman is willing to humble his ancestral pride in the dust—if the heiress will supply the dust.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

FROM BUCKSPORT.

Death of Mrs. Parker Spofford—Grand Banker Arrives—Locals.

The local physicians report 610 vaccinations since the last smallpox scare.

Mrs. E. P. Emerson is recovering from quite a serious illness.

Miss Louise Page is to teach the Point school in Orland.

Misses Sadie and Flora McNeill have gone to Lakewood, N. J. for the winter.

Dunlap R. A. C., will hold the annual convention and election of officers on Dec. 2.

Mrs. Georgia Joyce, of San Francisco, has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. E. D. Lowell, of Verona.

Capt. Loring G. Emerson has gone to California to spend the winter with his son Albert.

Coal holds at \$6.75 and \$7, according to which of the two rival local dealers the customer places his order.

Mrs. E. B. Steele has returned to her home in Hayneville, Ohio, after spending the summer here.

Capt. George Biedgett went to Bridgeport, Conn., last week to attend the funeral of his nephew, Major W. B. Hincks.

Mrs. C. C. Joeyen has been reappointed district deputy president of the twenty-fourth district of the Rebekah assembly. Riverview Rebekah held a harvest supper to a large number on Monday night, a social following which was much enjoyed.

Charles Williams has hauled up his schooner, the "Charleston" for the winter, in the steamboat wharf winter-quarters dock.

John Clement is ill at Ellsworth, where he was taken suddenly and violently ill while on a carriage-drive to Seal Harbor. He is recovering, and is expected to be able to come home in a short time.

Invitations have been issued to the wedding of Annie May Ulmer, of Hermon, to Russell P. Chandler, of this town. The wedding takes place on the 18th at the home of the bride in Hermon.

The service of the forty hours' devotion commenced in St. Vincent DuPaul's Catholic church on Sunday, and lasted until Tuesday. Mrs. Godfrey, Jere Bullock and Prof. A. H. Carver assisted the choir. Rev. Matthew Curran, of Belfast assisted Rev. Fr. P. J. Garrity.

The schooner "Lundseer", Capt. Solon Peterson, the first of the Grand Banks fleet of Capt. T. M. Nicholson, has arrived. She had a poor season, and brought about 650 quintals. Capt. Peterson reports poor fishing with fairly good weather. The "Lundseer" put into Halifax to land a sick man, and was held in quarantine so long that she did not go back to the fishing grounds, but sailed for home. It is expected that the other vessels of the fleet will remain until they complete their fares, as they are likely to strike good fishing in November, when the Banks are practically deserted.

DEATH OF MRS. PARKER SPOFFORD.

The death of Mary A., wife of Hon. Parker Spofford took place on Friday after a brief illness from paralysis. Mrs. Spofford having sustained a shock from which she never recovered. She leaves no children. Mrs. Spofford was very prominent in Bucksport social affairs, and her demise has caused general regret.

The funeral was held at the residence on Franklin street on Monday afternoon, and was largely attended by the townspeople. Rev. William Forsyth officiated. There was singing Mrs. W. A. Nelson and Asa C. Morton, of Bangor. The floral tributes were numerous and beautiful.

The bearers were Albert F. Page, Richard B. Stover, C. C. Homer, Louis H. Chandler, Walter H. Gardiner, Fred S. Biedgett. Interment was in the family lot in Oak Hill cemetery.

DEATH OF SEWALL L. PHILLIPS.

Sewall L. Phillips died on Sunday afternoon at his home at East Bucksport of pneumonia. Mr. Phillips was fifty-eight years old, and one of the best-known citizens of the town. He was a veteran of the Civil war, having enlisted from Ellsworth when eighteen years old in Co. G, 8th Maine volunteers. He leaves a wife and several sons and daughters.

MOUTH OF THE RIVER.

Albert Garland is in very poor health. George Ray, who has been working at Bartlett's Island the past seven months, is home.

The ladies' aid society met with Mrs. Mary Remick Nov. 12. Mrs. Mabel Tenney won the woolen quilt. This week the society will meet with Mrs. Myra Stone.

Business Notices.

The Joy studio will be opened to-morrow by W. R. Fenley, of Portland. Mr. Fenley was here four years ago with Mr. Joy, and is well and favorably known. This trip he has brought with him a brand new and beautiful line of artistic portraiture, and the public is cordially invited to inspect samples. Mr. Fenley has also brought with him the finest selections of mounts ever seen in the vicinity.

Amusements.

HANCOCK HALL
FRIDAY EVE'G, NOV. 27
ONE NIGHT ONLY.

FARLAND
Banjo Virtuoso.

The program consists of masterpieces by Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Chopin, etc. and the old familiar airs and heart music.

Prices 35 and 50 Cts

Seats on sale at Wiggin & Moore's.

BORN.

BRIDGES—At Sedgwick, Oct. 13, to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bridges, a daughter. (Gertrude May.)
BUNKER—At Sullivan, Oct. 31, to Mr. and Mrs. George H. Bunker, a son.
FIFIELD—At Stonington, Nov. 10, to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Thelen Fifield, a son. (Robert Thelen.)
HALL—At Stonington, Nov. 3, to Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Loring Hall, a son.
HANNA—At Sullivan, Nov. 4, to Mr. and Mrs. Gipsen H. Hanna, a son.
HEATH—At Orland, Nov. 10, to Mr. and Mrs. Wallace H. Heath, a daughter.
HERRICK—At Bluehill, Nov. 11, to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert L. Herrick, a daughter.
HOOPER—At Sullivan, Nov. 11, to Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Hooper, a daughter.
HUTCHINS—At Penobscot, Nov. 16, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hutchins, a son.
JOHNSON—At Sedgwick, Oct. 25, to Capt. and Mrs. William J. Johnson, a son. (Willie Eugene.)
KNOWLTON—At Stonington, Nov. 11, to Mr. and Mrs. John B. Knowlton, a son.
NASON—At Sullivan, Nov. 10, to Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe Nason, a son.
ROBBINS—At Stonington, Nov. 13, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Henry Robbins, a daughter.

MARRIED.

CLARK—GUPTILL—At Sullivan, Nov. 14, by Rev. O. G. Barnard, Miss Beale E. Clark, of Sullivan, to Maurice W. Guptill, of Gouldsboro.

FROST—FRANKS—At Lisbon Falls, Nov. 16, by Rev. T. J. Winslow, Miss Alice Gertrude Frost, of Lisbon Falls, to Emory M. Franks, of Ellsworth.

HAMOR—CHICK—At Ellsworth, Nov. 13, by Rev. J. P. Simonton, Miss Edith M. Hamor, of Lamoine, to Adelbert P. Chick, of Orrington.

POVICH—COHERN—At Ellsworth, Nov. 16, by Rev. J. P. Simonton, Mrs. Rebecca Povich, of Ellsworth, to Max Cobern, of Bangor.

REED—LURVEY—At Eden, Nov. 14, by Rev. Charles Burleigh, Miss Adella Reed to William L. Lurvey, both of Eden.

SIDELINGER—LUNT—At Long Island, Nov. 10, by William A. Van Norden, esq. Mrs. Adeline Sidelinger, of Boothbay Harbor, to H. S. Lunt, of Long Island.

STROUT—STEVENS—At Astoria, Mt. Desert, Nov. 14, by Rev. George E. Kinney, Miss Josie Strout to Augustus W. Stevens, both of Ellsworth.

SEGARS—MITCHELL—At Bar Harbor, Nov. 10, by E. S. Clark, esq. Miss Lettie E. Segars, of Ellsworth, to Charles E. Mitchell, of Bar Harbor.

DIED.

BOWDEN—At Ellsworth, Nov. 13, Mrs. Tryphena Bowden, aged 92 years, 8 months, 19 days.
COUGHLIN—At Ellsworth, Nov. 12, Michael Coughlin, aged 69 years, 11 months.
DUNHAM—At Stonington, Nov. 7, Alvin C. Dunham, aged 35 years, 6 months, 4 days.
EATON—At Stonington, Nov. 14, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Eaton, aged 2 months.
FREEMAN—At Pretty Marsh, Nov. 10, Lizzie E. wife of Allen E. Freeman, aged 39 years.
HARDISON—At West Franklin, Nov. 11, Mrs. Marcia Ann Hardison, formerly of Ellsworth, aged 68 years.
LORD—At Surry, Nov. 11, Mrs. Aseneth C. Lord, aged 73 years, 9 months, 4 days.
OSGOOD—At Bluehill, Nov. 16, Rev. Edward R. Osgood, aged 75 years, 4 months, 28 days.
STAPLES—At Deer Isle, Nov. 7, Albert E. Staples, aged 1 year, 5 months, 20 days.
WEED—At North Deer Isle, Nov. 10, Mrs. Marcella Weed, aged 53 years.

MARINE LIST.

Ellsworth Port.
SAILED Friday, Nov. 13
Sch Nellie Grant, Dodge, Boston, lumber, Whitcomb, Haynes & Co.
ARRIVED Tuesday, Nov. 17
Sch Game Cock, Pratt, Boston

Advertisements.

KINGS
AND
MILLIONAIRES
WEAR SOLID GOLD
WATCH CHAINS. BUT
THE GREAT MAJORITY
OF MEN WEAR
Simmons
Watch Chains

Just as stylish and handsome as all-gold ones, wear just as long, and a good deal cheaper. They are guaranteed to give entire satisfaction to the wearer.

When you have company you want your table to look its prettiest. Snowy linen a few flowers and some of our silverware and cut glass will give your guests many pleasant thoughts of their visit.

A. W. GREELY,
5 Main Street

Artistic Photography

The JOY STUDIO is now open for business and is under the management of W. R. Fenley. New backgrounds of the latest designs have been added, and we have the finest selection of dainty mounts ever shown in this vicinity. For the holidays we will certainly have a rush, so you had better place your orders early. From week to week we will publish testimonials from the leading photographers in Maine and Massachusetts. Of Mr. Fenley the late J. H. Lamson, of Portland, said:

"I take great pleasure in recommending to all photographers and the public in general Mr. W. R. Fenley, who is a first-class operator and, as he is a protégé of mine, and whose career and advancement in our art-science I have watched many years with great interest and satisfaction, especially in regard to his great success as instructor under the skylight, a sort of new departure, and he has no superior in my opinion."

Yours very truly,
J. H. LAMSON.

AMERICAN ADS
PAY BEST

Advertisements.

Old as the Pyramids

And as little changed by the ages, is Scrofula, than which no disease, save Consumption, is responsible for a larger mortality, and Consumption is its outgrowth.

It affects the glands, the mucous membranes, tissues and bones; causes buncles in the neck, cutaneous troubles, rickets, inflamed eyelids, sore ears, cutaneous eruptions, etc.

"I suffered from scrofula, the disease affecting the glands of my neck. I did everything I was told to do to eradicate it but without success. I then began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and the swelling in my neck entirely disappeared and my skin resumed a smooth, healthy appearance. The cure was complete." Miss ANITA MICHIEL, 915 Scott St., Covington, Ky.

Hood's Sarsaparilla and Pills

Thoroughly eradicate scrofula and arrive in the system that has suffered from it.

Railroads and Steamboats

Rockland, Bluehill & Ellsworth Steamship Co.



BLUEHILL LINE.
WINTER SCHEDULE, 1903-4.
Commencing Wednesday, Nov. 4.
GOING EASTWARD.

Commencing Wednesday, Nov. 4, steamer "Julietta" will leave Rockland upon arrival of steamer from Boston, every Wednesday and Saturday for Dark Harbor, Little Deer Isle, South Brooksville, Sargentville, Deer Isle, Seal-wick, Brookline, South Bluehill, Bluehill, Surry and Ellsworth.

GOING WESTWARD.
Leave Surry 6:00

THE AMERICAN has subscribers at 108 of the 116 post offices in Hancock county; all the other papers in the County combined do not reach so many. THE AMERICAN is not the only paper printed in Hancock county, and has never claimed to be, but it is the only paper that can properly be called a COUNTY paper; all the rest are merely local papers. The circulation of THE AMERICAN, bearing the Bar Harbor Record's summer list, is larger than that of all the other papers printed in Hancock county.

COUNTY NEWS.

For additional County News, see other pages.

PROSPECT HARBOR.

L. P. Cole and wife spent Thursday in Ellsworth.

Lewis Noonan has been repairing his house.

Mrs. John Cole has returned home from Portland and Boston.

C. C. Hutchings entertained the gentlemen with pit Tuesday evening.

Messrs. Bruce and Joy returned from Wypitotick Friday, each with two deer.

Frank Wakefield and family have left for Steuben, where they will spend the winter.

Miss Annie Handy, of Smithville, who has been with friends here for several weeks, returned Sunday.

Mrs. L. P. Cole left Saturday for a few weeks' visit to friends in Augusta, Lewiston and Portland.

Schools closed Friday, and the teachers, Messrs. Wilson and Dresser, left immediately, the former to spend her vacation with friends in Jonesboro and the latter, with her family in Milbridge.

Messrs. Dresser and Wilson entertained several young people Thursday evening at L. P. Cole's. It was the principal feature of the entertainment, and home-made candies and popcorn furnished the treat.

Nov. 14.

WEST HANCOCK.

William Linscott is quite ill.

Henry Miles, who is employed at Roxbury, Mass., is at home for a visit.

Mrs. Daniel Crimmon, of Sullivan, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Maria Durgan.

Davis Farnsworth and wife, of Jonesboro, were recent guests of H. C. Milliken and wife.

Miss Winnifred Gogins, of Cherryfield, has been visiting her brother, M. H. Gogins, the past week.

Sherman McFarland, who has been spending a week at home, returns to Bar Harbor this week.

Mrs. Claude Willard is a guest of her sister, Mrs. Raymond Miles. She will return shortly to her home in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Stearns and Claude Willard, who have been living in the Barney Mullan house during the past summer, have returned to Boston.

Nov. 16.

SUMAC.

Albert Jordan shot a large deer one day last week.

Maude Jordan was home from Bar Harbor one day last week.

Corinna Springer, who is working at Bar Harbor, was home Sunday.

Capt. H. S. Ramill and Elmer Stanley, of Seal Cove, were in town Saturday.

Perry Perkins, who is employed in the Rhode Island state prison, is at home for a short visit.

Benjamin Jordan and wife were called to Seal Cove to attend the funeral of a relative who died suddenly of heart failure.

Nov. 16.

M. C.

HANCOCK POINT.

Howard Hodgkins and wife have returned from Boston.

Mrs. Julia Thurston has gone to Bass Harbor for the winter.

Mrs. Joanna Dobbin, who has been with her parents, C. F. Chester, and wife, has gone to Portland to live.

Mrs. Lottie Crabtree, with her three children, who has been visiting in Blaine, will pass the winter with her father-in-law, John Crabtree.

Mrs. Rich, who is visiting relatives in Bar Harbor and Bass Harbor, will pass the winter here with her daughter, Mrs. Harry Johnston.

Nov. 16.

E.

MT. DESERT FERRY.

Harvey Colby and wife, of Bangor, have been visiting at Frank Colby's.

Eight inches of snow fell here in the recent storm.

The fishing business is improving. Over 1,000 bushels of herring were taken from the Johnson and Stanley weir during the past week.

James Frazier and wife, of Ellsworth, have been visiting Mrs. Frazier's parents, L. L. Crabtree and wife, during the past week.

Nov. 9.

SPEC.

SOUTH SURRY.

Calvin Young came home from Sound yesterday in.

Capt. Will Gogins arrived home last Friday night after a trip to New York. His schooner, the "Hazel Dell", is loading in Bluehill for New York again.

The supper at E. M. Cunningham's Wednesday night was a success. \$5.25 was taken for the benefit of Rev. J. D. McGraw. The next supper will be at the home of E. M. Curtis.

Nov. 10.

TRAMP.

"How are your Nerves? If you are easily 'frustrated', can't sleep and feel unrefreshed in the morning, your nerves are weak. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes the nerves strong by making the blood rich and pure.

Sick headache is cured by Hood's Pills. 25c.

For catarrh, inhale Brown's Instant Relief well diluted with water, repeating often.

COUNTY NEWS.

For additional County News see other pages.

BROOKLIN.

Mrs. R. F. Wells and Miss Edith Mayo go to Boston to-day.

Charles Meader and wife, of Sargentville, spent Sunday in town.

Weston Gott, who has been employed at Bath, returned Saturday.

Stephen Cousins leaves to-day for Camden, S. C., for the winter.

Mrs. Belle Blake and Mrs. Charles Blake were in Bangor last week.

Miss Mina Freethy is visiting her mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Freethy.

J. J. McDonnell, who has been employed at Swan's Island, returned Sunday.

Mrs. Lydia Roberts, of Brooksville, has been visiting her sister, Mrs. J. B. Babson.

Mrs. A. E. Farnsworth, of Southwest Harbor, visited friends in town last week.

Mrs. Nellie Allen McPherson, of Boston, is visiting her parents, Henry Allen and wife.

Charles Johnston returned Saturday from Boston, where he has been employed on a yacht as engineer. He was accompanied by his wife and daughter who have spent the summer in Melrose, Mass.

Nov. 16.

UNE FEMME.

NORTH CASTINE.

Mrs. Fred F. Wardwell is ill.

Percy Wardwell is home from sea.

Virgil P. Wardwell is home from a fishing trip, for two weeks.

Master Frank Dunbar, who is ill with typhoid fever, is improving.

Mrs. J. W. Leach left last Wednesday to spend the winter in Brockton, Mass.

Mrs. Ada Joyce and Miss Golda Dunbar, of Brockton, Mass., are visiting here.

Mrs. Herman Echenagucia, of Ellsworth, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. W. G. Conner.

Ross Conner is home from sea on account of an injury sustained on board the vessel of which he is mate.

Mrs. Charles F. Wardwell and family have arrived from Vinahaven and will settle here permanently.

The membership of Castine grange is on the increase. Six candidates will be instructed in the third and fourth degrees Saturday evening. A harvest supper will be served.

Nov. 16.

SURRY.

Henry D. Jordan killed a hog recently which weighed 492.

Four deer were killed in this vicinity Monday. Arthur Linneken and Raymond Cousins got one each; the other two were shot by Bluehill parties.

Superintendent-of-Schools E. D. Lord has resigned on account of poor health. H. J. Milliken has been appointed by the school board to fill the vacancy.

Mrs. David Kerr, of Ellsworth, preached in the Baptist church Sunday afternoon and evening. The subject in the evening was "The Mission Fields of Asia".

Mrs. Asenath C. Lord, after being an invalid for several years, died Wednesday, aged seventy-three years and nine months. The deceased has been tenderly cared for in the home of her daughter, Mrs. Mary Gray. The immediate cause of her death was a paralytic shock. Funeral services were held Friday, Rev. David Kerr, of Ellsworth, assisted by Rev. J. D. McGraw, officiating.

Nov. 16.

WEST EDEN.

James H. Stover, who has been employed at Northeast Harbor, is home for the winter.

News has been received that Mrs. Ida Rich who started for Manchester, N. H., was quite ill in Portland.

Mrs. Judith Kittredge, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Alice Graves, at Northeast Harbor, returned Saturday.

N. W. Higgins starts to-day for Boston in company with L. B. Deasy to settle the affairs of Mr. Higgins' sister, the late Hannah Higgins.

William L. Lurvey, of this place, and Miss Adella Reed, of Somerville, were married Saturday evening by Rev. George E. Kinney. They have the best wishes of their many friends.

Nov. 16.

EDEN.

Miss Effie Hodgkins is attending Portland business college.

Mrs. John H. Thomas is visiting her daughter at Winter Harbor.

There will be a dance in Eden hall Thanksgiving evening, Nov. 26. A silver cup will be given to the best waiter.

The engagement of Miss Isabelle Rinaldo, of this place, and George Cleaves, of Bar Harbor, is announced. The wedding will take place at the home of the bride Dec. 1.

Nov. 16.

NORTH LAMOINE.

James Norwood is to move this week to Bar Harbor, where he is employed.

Mrs. Burton Glibert, of Parrsboro, N. S., is boarding at Mrs. A. L. Gray's.

Jack Christie, who has been in the employ of Dr. Morrison at Bar Harbor, is home.

Charles Brown and William Brooks, of Ellsworth, have recently moved into the Hervey Salisbury house.

Nov. 16.

GREAT POND.

Lloyd Bracy and Linwood Collier each got a deer this week.

The Dickey party left for home Thursday having killed a large moose near Eagle lake. The guide saw three. They report deer plenty in that vicinity.

Nov. 15.

SOUTH DEER ISLE.

George Powers is still quite ill, with pneumonia.

William Gott, of Sunshine, has bought the Welch farm and moved there Friday.

Mr. Grindle, who has occupied the place, has moved to Ten Hill.

Mrs. Hannah Lufkin, of Sunset, spent a day with friends here recently.

Mrs. Homer Robbins, of Wollaston, Mass., was here Wednesday. She left Thursday for her home, accompanied by her aunt, Mrs. Elsie Knowlton, who intends to spend the winter with her.

Presiding Elder Hayward held services at the church here Friday evening, Nov. 13. He gave an interesting and profitable talk on the image of God in man, tracing from the beginning, when God made man in His own image, and showing how after his fall the way was provided and the pattern given for him to return to his first estate. Many new ideas were advanced.

Nov. 14.

BLUEHILL.

Wallace Hinkley has gone to Bar Harbor.

M. P. Hinkley is away for a two weeks' stay.

Dr. E. C. Barrett and wife have returned from Boston.

Rev. R. L. Olds occupied his pulpit Sunday after a vacation of four weeks.

Mrs. S. P. Snowman has returned from a visit to friends in Boston and Lowell.

Charles Stover, of Cambridge, Mass., spent a few days with his parent, R. P. Stover and wife, last week.

Miss Maria P. Wood is the guest of Miss Nancy Dutton in Ellsworth. She will spend the winter in Boston and Dedham, Mass.

Miss Ropes, assistant at the academy, spent Saturday and Sunday with friends in Ellsworth.

Mr. Whitney, of Bangor, "wired" the Nevins cottage on Mill Island last week for electric lights.

Invitations have been issued to the marriage of Miss Lucy Pearson to W. L. Barnard on Nov. 25 at All Saints church Brookline, Mass.

Quite a company of stone cutters arrived home from Stonington, Redstone and other places, Supt. Johnson having work for them here. Among other arrivals are William Clay, Fred Graves, Alanson Bowden, Eugene Wardwell, F. M. Veazie and Ira Grindle.

A surprise birthday party was given Miss Ernestine Macomber Friday evening at the home of Mrs. Mary P. Peters, by about twenty members of the W. R. C., of which Miss Macomber is a helpful member. A poem of greeting and congratulation was read. Refreshments were served. Miss Macomber goes to Waterville soon for the winter.

The academy pupils have purchased a piano. The pupils gave the following musicals the evening of Nov. 9:

Piano solo.....	Alice Mayo
Guitar solo.....	Marie Wardwell
Recitation.....	Ida Ladd
Piano solo.....	Lilla McIntyre
Soprano solo.....	Esther Allen
Recitation.....	Edith Chase
Piano solo.....	Abbie Gros
Banjo solo.....	Brooks Wescott
Soprano solo.....	L. L. L. L. L.
Piano solo.....	Jennie Grindle
Recitation.....	Joy Blumley
Piano solo.....	Alice Mayo

Nov. 16.

Advertisements.

Proverbs

"When the butter won't come put a penny in the churn," is an old time dairy proverb. It often seems to work though no one has ever told why.

When mothers are worried because the children do not gain strength and flesh we say give them Scott's Emulsion.

It is like the penny in the milk because it works and because there is something astonishing about it.

Scott's Emulsion is simply a milk of pure cod liver oil with some hypophosphites especially prepared for delicate stomachs.

Children take to it naturally because they like the taste and the remedy takes just as naturally to the children because it is so perfectly adapted to their wants.

For all weak and pale and thin children Scott's Emulsion is the most satisfactory treatment.



We will send you the penny, i. e., a sample free.

Be sure that this picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 409 Pearl St., N. Y.

50c. and \$1.00; all druggists.

AMERICAN ADS

PAY BEST

TRY ONE

COUNTY NEWS.

For additional County News see other pages.

SOUTH PENOBSCOT.

GOLDEN WEDDING. Sunday, Nov. 8, marked the fiftieth wedding anniversary of Noah F. and Mercy G. Norton. Owing to the condition of Mrs. Norton's health—who for the last fifteen months or more has been a great sufferer, and is now nearly helpless from rheumatism—no public or formal observance of the day was attempted.

A host of friends, however, in Hancock county and many outside extended hearty congratulations.

Mr. and Mrs. Norton were married in Belfast by Rev. E. H. Small, and lived in that city for a short time when they moved to Montville where they made their home until April, 1899, when they moved to South Penobscot, where they have since resided.

Buying a farm that was once a part of the celebrated Johnson place on Johnson's point, through careful study and much hard work, it has been brought to a high state of cultivation. Several years ago Mr. Norton thought he would try his hand at orcharding, and so began setting out what is proving to be one of the best orchards in Hancock county, as many who have sampled his fruit can testify.

At the breaking out of the Civil war Mr. Norton was made enrolling officer of his town. As soon as the duties of this position were attended to, he enlisted and was at once made first lieutenant of Co. I, twenty-eighth Maine volunteers, serving in that capacity and that of acting captain until illness near the close of the war disabled him. He was mustered out with his regiment. Since then he has been a valued able citizen of this town.

He has been honored by his townsmen in various ways, having represented his class town in the legislature; served on the board of selectmen for several years and been road commissioner for two or three terms, serving faithfully in all these positions the best interests of those whom he represented.

He has always taken great interest in stock-raising and agriculture, was for many years identified with work of the state grange and farmers' institute, and is still a firm believer in the possibilities of Maine as a farming State.

In all these enterprises and labors Mrs. Norton has been a faithful helpmate, not only looking well after the interests of her own household, but also finding time always for those who were ill or in need of help. Their home has been one where the most open-handed hospitality has been dealt out to all who have come their way.

Two children were born to them—a son and a daughter, the latter dying when but nine months old. Their son is the Rev. H. W. Norton, a prominent member of the East Maine conference, and now stationed at Dover.

While much might be said with all truth of this worthy couple who have walked life's way together for the last half century, perhaps the best that can be said is that they are Christians, and their influence for good is being felt among an ever-enlarging circle of acquaintances and friends.

Both are respected members of the Methodist church, and are held in high esteem by their fellow-workers in the church. That they may be called later in labor to reward is the wish of their many friends.

Nov. 13.

SPEC.

NORTH DEER ISLE.

Mrs. Alonzo Hutchinson lost a cow last week.

Capt. Arthur Powers is painting his house.

Capt. Collins Powers is building an addition to his stable.

Frank Hardy, of Camden, who has been here the past week, has returned.

Henry G. Eaton, of Little Deer Isle, has recently bought a horse from Frank Mayo, of Belfast.

Capt. Jack Stinson and Lafayette Thompson are laying pipes to run water into their houses.

Capt. Charles E. Small, who recently arrived from New York, was the guest of his parents last week.

Capt. Judson Torrey and others have been repairing the telegraph cable which crosses Eggemoggin reach.

Capt. and Mrs. Edward Collins and Mrs. Emma Sylvester, of Rockland, have returned after a short stay here.

Mrs. Frank Weed and daughter, Miss Helen, who went to Quisset, Mass., to visit Mrs. Weed's daughter, Mrs. Kimball Barbour, have returned.

Marcella, wife of John D. Weed, died at her home Nov. 10, after a long illness, aged fifty-two years and six months. The funeral took place Nov. 12, Rev. John Lawrence conducting.

Nov. 16.

E.

LAMOINE.

Miss Abbie Coolidge is visiting relatives at Hancock.

Mrs. Emory Curie's daughter are visiting relatives in Dedham.

John Hodgkins, who has been employed at Bar Harbor during the season, is home.

The entertainment and oyster stew at grange hall Friday evening were well patronized. The receipts were \$24.

Mrs. Fred Hodgkins will join her husband this week for a winter of sea-life. All regret the absence of this helpful couple.

Nov. 16.

H.

BROOKSVILLE.

J. G. Walker is seriously ill.

Ormand Staples has returned from a coasting trip to Bangor.

Miss Carrie T. Grindle, who has been teaching at Cape Rozier, is home.

Mrs. Pearl Atherton, of Bluehill, is at J. G. Walker's.

Frank Billings, who has been quite ill, is improving.

Lester Wescott and Miss May Douglass

have been visiting friends in Brooklyn for a few days.

Maurice Wescott, who has been working in Aroostook county, has returned.

Clarence Douglass and son, of Foxcroft, were in town this week, the guests of Mr. Douglass' aunt, Mrs. Sarah Walker.

Nov. 16.

ASHVILLE.

School commenced to-day after two weeks' vacation, Miss Mary Evans, of Sullivan, teacher.

Hiram Sperry and George Jacobs, of South Gouldsboro, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Alden Robertson Sunday.

Miss Beekie Ashley who is employed at Sullivan, spent Saturday and Sunday with her sister, Mrs. Jonas Lindsey.

Mrs. Francis Gupill, of Gouldsboro, is keeping house for Mrs. John H. Tracy while she is in Massachusetts.

Miss Bernice Marshall, who has been with her aunt, Mrs. Julia Tracy, returned to Franklin Road last week.

Mrs. Eliza J. Potter, accompanied by Mrs. Emeline Johnson, of East Sullivan, was the guest of Mrs. Mary Lindsey one day last week.

Mrs. Julia Tracy was called to Waltham, Mass., Friday by the illness of her daughter, Wilma Gogins, who has to go to the hospital for an operation for appendicitis.

Nov. 16.

B.

NORTH SEDGWICK.

Raymond Bridges shot a deer last week. School opens here to-day, Miss Mamie Sperry of Bluehill, teacher.

Mrs. Ada Allen returned from Boston Sunday, Nov. 8.

Rev. C. L. Buckingham and family have moved to Friendship.

Eugene Allen has returned from Franklin.

Fred Sargent, of Sargentville, was in town Saturday.

Mrs. S. H. Dority, of Sedgwick, has been ill for two weeks with pneumonia.

Mrs. George W. Staples, who was called to Swan's Island by the death of her father, Capt. E. M. Staples, who died Oct. 30, has returned.

The Christian Endeavor local union was held here Tuesday at the Baptist church. There was a large attendance and an interesting meeting, both afternoon and evening.

Nov. 16.

RAE.

WEST BROOKSVILLE.

Fred Hawes has employment in Andover.

Capt. George W. Blodgett and wife were in Sedgwick 1st Friday.

O. L. Tapley has been making repairs on his home.

Walter M. Tapley, of Portland, was in town Friday.

Fred Perkins has threshed out about 6,000 bushels of grain during this fall.

Capt. James H. Tapley, after a month at home, has resumed the command of his steamer at New Haven.

Capt. Charles Davis, after an absence of two years, is home for a month's vacation. Captain Davis is on one of the Boston and Portland steamships.

Nov. 16.

TOMSON.

GOULDSEORO.

Last Monday there were five deer shot in this vicinity.

Rev. Wallace Cutter will leave tomorrow for Fall River, Mass., for a two weeks' vacation.

Mrs. R. W. Nutter, of Prospect Harbor, has been spending a few days with friends here.

Mrs. Ethel Leighton, of Steuben, is spending two weeks with her parents here.

Rev. Wallace Cutter preached a harvest sermon to the members of Cushman grange, Sunday, Nov. 15.

Nov. 16.

JEN.

OTIS.

COUNTY NEWS

For additional County News see other pages

PRETTY MARSH.

DEATH OF MRS. ALLEN FREEMAN.
On Tuesday morning, Nov. 10, Lizzie E., wife of Allen Freeman, entered paradise. While her death has been expected for some time by her family and friends, nevertheless when it was known that her lips were sealed and her eyes had closed to the perishable things of this earth, all felt the shock and the loss.

Her devotion to her loving husband's interests, her unselfish love for her daughter, her well-tested friendships, her neighborly spirit, her whole-hearted integrity in her love for her Master, Jesus Christ, will be long remembered by all who had any knowledge of her daily thought and work.

Some few years ago Dr. R. L. Grindle, of Somesville, established lay work among the people at Pretty Marsh in the form of a Sunday school. To make such a work lasting and permanent, it was found necessary to have someone on the spot to oversee the effort. A most wise choice was made when Mrs. Freeman was appointed superintendent.

Her undivided, unselfish interest in this movement, her faith and constancy brought to her side co-workers and helpers. She aroused not only a strong following, but also immediate and practical help from both far and near.

Little did she dream of the many from all parts of this country, both far and near, who had knowledge of her zeal for Christ. It was a keen pleasure to the writer to speak of this work and to write of it to the summer visitors, and those who are in the position to know, realize by the way of assistance how true this is.

She is gone, but she is ours still, and her works will follow after in the lives of all who felt at all the magnetism of her whole-souled consecration to the honor of God and good of man.

Rev. George E. Kinney, of Somesville, officiated at the funeral, and preached an able and eloquent sermon.

All felt the force and weight of all that he said, and went away from the parting scenes better and wiser men and women.

To the husband and the daughter and to all her relatives there go out from all the tenderest sympathies. The one comforting thought midst all the loss is that the life well lived here receives its last unfolding at the grave into scenes of rarer beauty and charm, where she waits with beckoning fingers the coming of those who for a space must wait and work awhile before the reunion with "those under the altar" to receive at last the beatific vision.

"The bird that soars on the highest wing
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
And she that doth most sweetly sing
Sings in the shade where all things rest;
In lark and nightingale we see
What honor hath humility.
The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown
In deepest adoration bends;
The weight of glory bows him down
The most when most his soul ascends;
Nearest the throne itself must be
The footstool of humanity."
Nov. 16. J. R. N.

DEDHAM.

Mrs. A. C. Burrill is spending a few days with her daughter, Mrs. J. E. Turner, in Brewer.

Mrs. Blanche Jordan and daughter, of Old Town, visited their uncle, F. W. Fogg, last week.

Miss Inez Burrill is home. She has been employed as nurse in Bangor.

Mrs. H. P. Burrill spent two days last week with friends in Brewer.

Edward Goodwin, M. D., of Brockton, Mass., made a short visit to his parents, G. P. Goodwin and wife, last week.

Mrs. Lucena Heath, of Corinth, is spending some weeks with her son, W. W. Heath.

No new cases of smallpox have occurred in town, except those in the family of J. H. Wharf, whose little son is now suffering from the disease.
Nov. 17. B.

Advertisements.

Over-Work Weakens Your Kidneys.

Unhealthy Kidneys Make Impure Blood.

All the blood in your body passes through your kidneys once every three minutes.

The kidneys are your blood purifiers, they filter out the waste or impurities in the blood. If they are sick or out of order, they fail to do their work.

Pains, aches and rheumatism come from excess of uric acid in the blood, due to neglected kidney trouble.

Kidney trouble causes quick or unsteady heart beats, and makes one feel as though they had heart trouble, because the heart is over-working in pumping thick, kidney-poisoned blood through veins and arteries.

It used to be considered that only urinary troubles were to be traced to the kidneys, but now modern science proves that nearly all constitutional diseases have their beginning in kidney trouble.

If you are sick you can make no mistake by first doctoring your kidneys. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases and is sold on its merits by all druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle by mail.

Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

The newspaper which has no uniform rate for advertising space, and is satisfied to take what it can get for it, is a cheap advertising medium, and the advertiser need expect nothing but cheap results.—Lawrence (Ind.) Press.

COUNTY NEWS

For additional County News see other pages

WALTHAM.

THE SCHOOL IN NO. 1.

A term of twelve weeks closed Nov. 13 at No. 1. Leon Googins was neither late nor absent; Ada, Erma, Wilda and Madeline Jordan did not miss a day.

There was a lot of fun the last day. First the teacher was amused to see the pupils hunting here and there for something. She had scattered notes in their books, behind pictures and in various places. Then at recess a skit was played on her. This part she never enjoyed before, although she had watched the former part many times in other schools.

The Longfellow league continues to be very interesting. At the last meeting which was held Nov. 13, two officers were chosen; other officers are the same as when the league was organized. It was voted to continue the meetings during the winter months.

Master Lowell Jordan was chosen president; Mrs. Lizzie Jordan, vice-president. It is hoped that the parents and young people will join soon.

When she went to ring the bell at recess she found a note in the bell. After a long search (there were ten in the series) she found the hidden article. To her surprise they played that game on her twice.

Miss Ada Jordan was chosen editor for this week. The league voted to buy a second hard-wood chair for the school-house.

A letter of thanks from school No. 2 was read. The letter expressed delight for State-Superintendent Stetson's picture and frame.
Nov. 17. SPEC.

SOMESVILLE.

Hollis Hysome, of Lynn, Mass., was called here by the death of his wife's mother, Mrs. R. G. Salisbury, whose funeral took place Sunday at the home of her brother, John W. Somes.

Miss Anna J. Sparrow left Saturday for Cambridgeport, Mass.

Mrs. Agnes Hill Briggs left for Boston Saturday.
Nov. 17. H.

WEST EDEN.

William L. Larvey, of this place, and Miss Adella Reed, of Somesville, were married Saturday evening by Rev. C. F. Burleigh at Eden. The young couple will go immediately to housekeeping. They have the best wishes of their many friends.
Nov. 16. M.

SAUNDERS.

Mrs. Frances M. Leach has returned from Massachusetts.

Mrs. S. E. Grindle has returned from Ellsworth Falls, where she has made a visit with her daughter, Mrs. Frank Cottle.
Nov. 17. S.

ELLSWORTH FALLS.

Harry Alden, of Lewiston, has joined his wife and child here, who are visiting Mrs. Alden's mother, Mrs. Martha Laffin.

Charles W. Smith and W. E. Leighton were up river last week hunting, and succeeded in getting two good-sized deer.

W. E. Leighton went to Bangor Monday and returned Tuesday bringing home Salinas.

Mrs. David Salisbury is critically ill at the home of her mother here. Dr. William Mason, of Bangor, was called to-day for an examination.

Ira Hagan and family have moved into the Hastings house recently purchased and repaired by Mrs. Edward Finn.

The church building has recently been wired and fitted for electric lighting.

The ladies' sewing circle will meet with Mrs. Nahum Flood on Thursday afternoon of this week.

W. H. Brown, Elmer Blaisdell and C. M. Witham are in East Machias repairing Whitcomb, Haynes & Co.'s mill there.

W. B. Smith, wife and child, of Bucksport, were here last week on their way home from a visit to Mrs. Smith's parents in Otis.

LAKEWOOD.

Lettie B. Moore is spending a few days with friends in Ellsworth.

Leroy Frazier had an experience last Wednesday which he will not soon forget. Early Wednesday morning he started from home, taking a light lunch with him, and rowed to Green Lake to get his rifle which he had loaned. It was a fine morning for hunting, and on his way back he decided to hunt a while. He had not been long in the woods when he came upon a deer trail. Soon after finding the trail he started the deer, but did not have an opportunity to fire at it. He kept on, nevertheless, regardless of how far he was going or what time it was, when darkness suddenly came on, and he was forced to submit to the inevitable. With a jack-knife he succeeded in cutting some boughs that served as a bed. He then collected material enough to light a fire, and laid down to pass the night, which was made very dismal by a drizzling rain that came on about midnight. At day-break he ate what was left of his lunch, and reached home Thursday noon.

Flipped Nickels.

In the circuit court of an Illinois town recently a man convicted of murder was being tried. After the evidence was in the jury retired and was out thirty-six hours without reaching a verdict.

One of the jurors suggested flipping nickels—heads to convict and tails to acquit.

Each juror put a nickel in a hat, a shake and toss and the nickels fell on a table, six and six, necessitating another toss. The second trial showed four heads and eight tails, resulting in acquittal.

The court accepted the verdict, but did not know how it was reached until afterward. The state will get a new trial and the jurors will be indicted.

A RUNAWAY PRINCESS

By Curran
Richard Greenley

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"It is useless, your highness, to protest against the things that are." The baroness smoothed down her laces with plump little hands upon which gleamed innumerable rings. Marie Amalie Constantia Louise—"and all the rest of it," as she said to herself, Princess of Doldrums, arose from her low chair with a most unroyal impatience. Swish, swish, went the silken skirts over the polished floor, and the Baroness von Griefenstein wisely kept silence.

Marie Amalie stood at the window and drummed a tattoo upon the pane. Below, the little fountain tossed its laughing waters and the cuirassiers' band poured forth the national air. Marie Amalie was tired of fountains that played in the sunlight, tired of the national hymn, sick to the soul of the duchy of Doldrums and all it contained—all because a few short weeks before the baroness had taken her young charge with her train to the hunting schloss and then spent a glad, never to be forgotten day.

Somehow—nobody knows, for such things have a way of managing themselves—the querries and the princess' maids drifted two by two down the forest alleys in the languorous afternoon. The baroness nodded in her chair, and Marie Amalie found herself alone.

When Marr Davent rode from the gashaus that morning he drew long breaths of the forest freshness. For miles beneath the arching lindens of the duke's forest he rode at a walk, the reins hanging loose on the bay's neck, singing snatches of college glees and thinking of the faroff country whither he would soon be going.

He raised his eyes and looked down the linden reaches—looked and woke, so near that the bay reared in sudden fright. Then Davent slipped from the saddle and stood, hat in hand, as Marie Amalie came toward him through the green twilight.

She did not attempt to excuse herself to herself, and to no one else did that imperious young woman vouchsafe rhyme or reason for her deeds. It was temptation, pure and simple, at a time when the girl was sorely blighted against the traditional shackles. A prisoner thing, bound and dumb in her jewels and laces, she had known the shame of the old duke's approval when he came to view her, as one would the points of a prize mare, and pronounced her fit to be Duchess of Graftland. "Fit!" Marie Amalie ground her white teeth together at the remembrance of it. But she smiled with level brows into the brown eyes of Davent as the handsome head was bowed before her, and then trouble began for the Baroness Griefenstein.

Two hours later they parted under the lindens, he believing her some nobleman's daughter in the train of the young princess; she knowing all the facts about him. Marie Amalie came up the linden walk, thinking deeply. An American, it suited her exactly. She thought of the yacht that lay even now at Havre; thought, too, of the doddering old Duke of Graftland, who had buried his second wife not a year before, the pale, pretty princess out of the north, who had been sold to him, as they were selling her.

Marie Amalie went softly up the marble steps, through the portico and down the hall, her footsteps making no sound in the thick carpet. She drew back the portiere that hung in straight, heavy folds. There was a smothered cry from within, a rustle of paper, but before the baroness could close the drawer a white hand closed firmly upon her wrists.

"What are you doing here among the private papers of Duke Fritz?"

The baroness sank down, gasping, speechless, as Marie Amalie towered over her. Then the girl made a hasty examination of the drawer. The key was in the lock. A fragment of wax that adhered to the keyhole told the secret of the baroness' access to the papers of the young duke who had killed himself in that very room years before, when the Baroness Griefenstein had been a famous court beauty and Marie Amalie but a child in the cradle.

Only a bundle of yellowed letters, written in the delicate Italian script affected by the women of that generation. Marie held them thoughtfully; then, with sudden impulse, retied the faded ribbon about them, locked the drawer and placed the key in her bosom. The letters she kept in her hand. With a slow smile around the mischievous red mouth, she passed through the portiere out into the sunlight. She held the key to the situation.

The Baroness Griefenstein was a sensible woman. She knew herself at the mercy of the girl whom heretofore she had ruled relentlessly. Therefore, through the weeks that followed she temporized, telling herself that it was only for a time. In a month the girl would be safely married. There were various expeditions to the forest, evening walks, when only the baroness guarded the pretty princess. The young American still lingered at the gashaus and rode his bay through the duke's forest.

Meanwhile the women came and went, intent upon the preparations for the marriage. All around the luxurious room were scattered the silks and laces, jewels strewn the tables. And in their midst Marie Amalie at the window, her eyes upon the forest, heed-

less of it all. A horseman rode down the winding road and turned in the saddle for a long look at the palace. Some day he would ride from her forever to his land of "hearts content" over the sea, leaving her to the desolate pomp of the Duchess of Graftland. She turned to the baroness, and their eyes met. The baroness shivered. The crisis that she had been dreading had come. Marie Amalie leaned down, hushing her voice to a whisper, "I will do it, and you must help me." And the baroness knew that she would keep that word.

The old duke, her father, could hardly believe his eyes and ears when Marie Amalie dutifully accepted her betrothal presents from the old Duke of Graftland and even bent her white brow to his kiss. Through all the festivities that followed she moved, a queenly figure, but there was a wicked light in the brown eyes, a mischievous curve to the red lips, and the days of the Baroness Griefenstein were not days of pleasure.

The Princess Marie Amalie lay in her darkened room. Once the doctor would have let in the light, but she protested, and finally he left her alone with a sleeping draft. As he measured it, going to the window with his back to the bed, a white hand flashed out toward the little case that held his drugs. Only an instant, but as the door closed behind him Marie Amalie laughed low to herself.

The baroness was on the point of rebellion, when Marie Amalie before her protesting eyes poured a generous dose into the chocolate and bade her swallow it.

"I am afraid. It will mean imprisonment, banishment."

"Take it" (the sweet voice was like steel); "take it quietly. The letters shall be yours when I am safe." The baroness drained the chocolate with quivering lips.

Davent waiting with a closed carriage at the postern gate heard the click of the sentry's heels as the baroness came through the gateway. A long black cloak came down to her feet, but the tawny gray hair and the password were sufficient for the sentry.

Without a word they entered the carriage and were driven through the night, past the gates, where the baroness gave the word, aboard the express, by grace of the promptly produced passports. When the morning broke they were well away to Havre.

The princess had issued orders that on no account were her maids to enter her room until summoned. But as the morning wore away and no sound came from beyond the closed doors they braved her anger and entered to find the princess' bed empty, unused, and in a chair by the window the Baroness Griefenstein, with an empty chocolate cup at her elbow, lost in a drugged stupor.

There was much hurrying to and fro in the duchy of Doldrums, but of their Princess Marie Amalie there was never a trace.

The little Lutheran minister blinked and hesitated. But in the state of New York there is no Alamancha de Gotha, and, although Marie Amalie von Halsburg awakened an old sound in his ears of the fatherland, the suspicion seemed too utterly impossible to be entertained for a moment. So he went on with the ceremony, and Marie Amalie Davent passed from the shadow of the quaint little church out into the free sunlight of a land that kneweth neither princess nor principalities.

A Mean Trick.

A lawyer defending a promissory note went to lunch, leaving his books and citations on the table in the court room. The opposing counsel sneaked back into the room and changed the places of all his bookmarks. In the afternoon the lawyer, taking up his books, referred the court to his authorities. His lordship noted every volume and page carefully and took the case under consideration. In rendering his opinion he said:

"I was inclined after hearing argument of counsel for defendant to non-suit plaintiff, but I find, after referring to the authorities quoted by counsel, none of them bear on this case, and I am led to think that the gentleman has been willfully trying to insult the court. He has referred me to an action of an Irishman who sued the proprietor of a monkey for damages for biting him, to a case of arson, one of burglary, two of petty larceny and three divorce cases, none of which bears on an action to recover on a promissory note. Perhaps the grossest insult to the court is referring to 'Duckworth versus Boozymann,' an action charging defendant with breach of promise. Judgment for plaintiff with costs."

The lawyer never knew what the matter was and to this day thinks the judge was out of his mind.—Pearson's Weekly.

The Way of the World.

"When we were poor," remarked the prosperous man reflectively, "we looked forward to the time when we could have a summer home."

"Well?"

"Well, when we got rich enough to have one, we didn't like going to the same place every summer because it was monotonous, and we looked forward to the time when we could have another for variety."

"Well?"

"Well, we got another, and then we began to long for a winter place, so that we wouldn't have to be so much in the big house in the city."

"Well?"

"Well, we've got them all now."

"And are you happy?"

"I suppose so. At least, I suppose my wife is. She keeps them all shut up and spends most of her time in Europe, but she knows she has them."—Chicago Post.

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